



The Grail

MARCH, 1933

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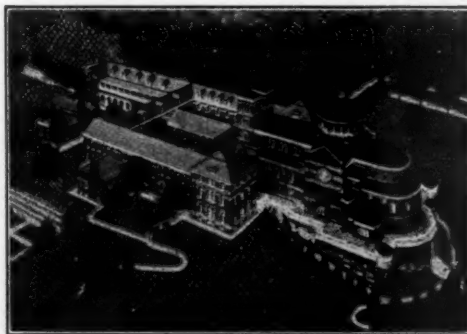
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CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	421
RAINBOW'S END	Clare Hampton 423
THE MASS—(Poem)	Emma E. Tomlinson 426
ST. NINIAN'S INFLUENCE ON SCOTLAND ..	J. Ninian MacDonald, O. S. B. 427
THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE	Margaret S. Coates 430
BENEDICT, THE LAST ROMAN HERO—A STORY FOR YOUTH	Hilary DeJean, O. S. B. 432
KEEPING AN ANCIENT VOW	Marie Widmer 435
WHERE I FIND GOD—(Poem)	Sr. M. Agnes Finley 435
NOTES OF INTEREST	436
KWEERY KORNER	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B. 437
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	Clare Hampton 438
CHILDREN'S CORNER	Agnes Brown Hering 440
ABBEY AND SEMINARY	443
BOOK NOTICES	444
MAID And MOTHER	Clare Hampton 445

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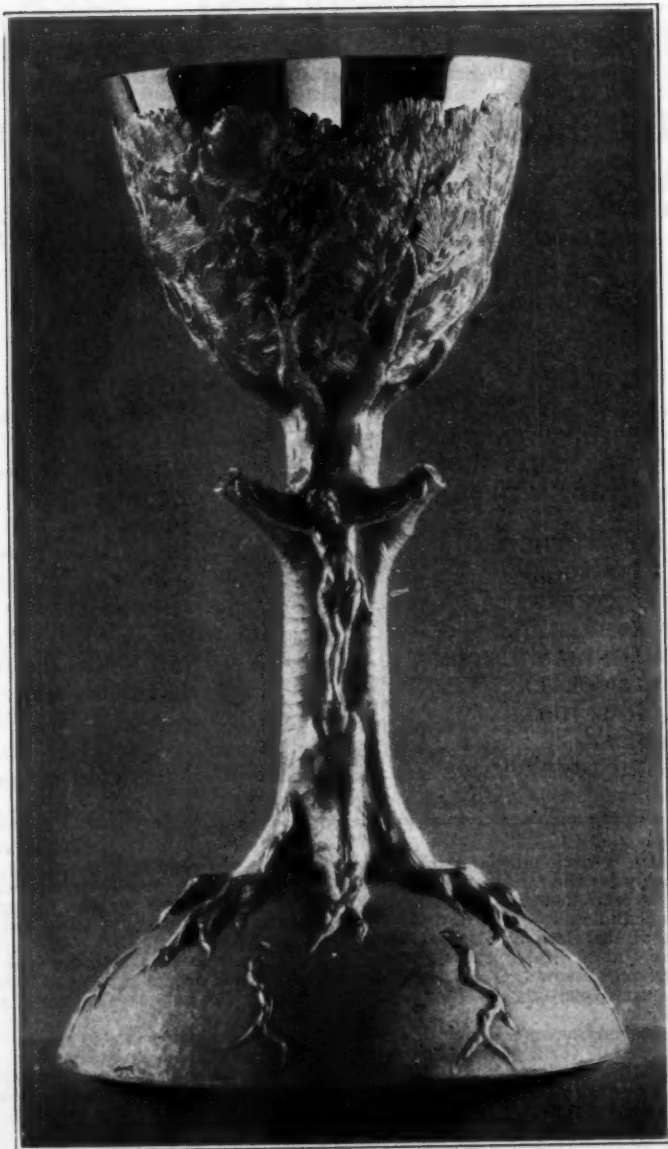
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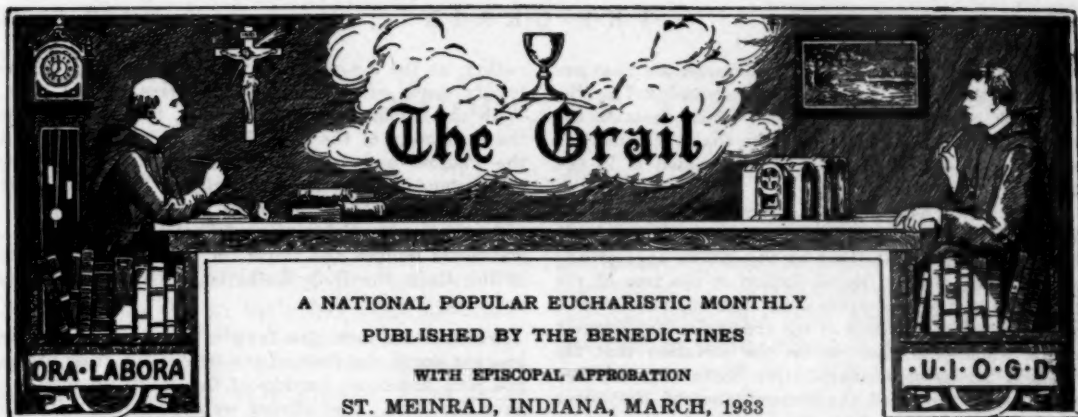
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THE 'LONE TREE' CHALICE

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The 'Lone Tree' Chalice

The 'Lone Tree' chalice,* presented in the accompanying illustration, is a creation quite remarkable in design and significance, for it shows forth in symbol the oneness of the bloody sacrifice on the cross and the unbloody sacrifice on the altar. This unique chalice, evidently the fruit of many a prayerful meditation, was made quite recently for St. Mary's Church at Lone Tree, a small town in southeastern Iowa in the diocese of Davenport.

The very name of the place, Lone Tree, suggested the tree of trees—the 'lone tree' of the cross. Pondering over this thought, the Rev. Nicholas Meinhardt, pastor at Lone Tree until quite recently, gradually evolved the idea of the tree of the cross and the chalice combined to show forth the sameness of the sacrifice under a twofold aspect.

In the first place, this tree represents the tree of life that grew in Paradise. Moreover, in the midst of Paradise there also stood the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the fruit of which Adam and Eve were forbidden to eat. However, by their disobedience to the divine command, this tree proved to be the source of their fall from grace. It was this sin that broke the bonds of friendship between them and their Creator and plunged them together with their posterity into an abyss of misery and woe, whence only the Hand of God could rescue them.

As the tree in Paradise became a source of spiritual death to our first parents and to their posterity, so the roots of that tree, descending as they do into the earth, may be likened to the seven capital sins, namely, pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth, each of which serves as a fetter or chain to bind man fast to the evil spirit and his legions of fallen angels.

Thus the tree brought them death, but God did not abandon His creatures and leave them to their perdition. While He cursed the earth and condemned man to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, He at the same time gave him the promise of a Redeemer who should appease the Heavenly Father and reopen the gates of heaven that had been closed by sin.

This brings us to another consideration of the tree

of life, the tree of Redemption on Calvary, the tree of the cross, the crucifix that forms the stem of the chalice. The seven roots of this tree of life represent the seven sacraments: baptism, confirmation, Holy Eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, matrimony, which are the seven channels of divine grace that were instituted to counteract the poison of the seven capital sins. These latter, by their very nature, inflict deadly wounds on the soul of man.

On this tree of life is seen hanging the God-man who by the sacrifice of Himself redeemed the human race. While the fruits of the Redemption are for all men, they will not be bestowed indiscriminately upon all, but will be given to those alone who are properly disposed to receive these gifts.

In the illustration here shown the crown of the tree is composed of seven principal branches with ramifications within the foliage of which nestles the cup destined to contain the life-giving Blood of the New Testament. These seven branches may be said to represent the three theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, together with the four cardinal or principal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance; they represent, moreover, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost: wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord.

The hemisphere-shaped base of this unique chalice

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The combination of the tree of the cross and the chalice, together with various suggestions as to symbolism and the like, was submitted to European artists by Mr. Albert F. Sonderman, representative of the Fr. Pustet Co., with the result as shown in the accompanying illustration.

The tree chosen for the design is the cedar or arbor vitae (tree of life), which is a species of the cedar family. The office for the feast known as the Finding of the Holy Cross, May 3rd, says both in responsory and antiphon: "Thou alone, O Tree, art loftier than all the cedars! for on thee hung the Life of the world; on thee Christ triumphed, and death conquered death for ever, Alleluja." From this reference to the cedar one may assume that the tree of the cross was a cedar. However, there is a tradition that the tree so honored was a sycamore.

represents the globe, our earth. Beneath the base are inscribed the words from the Apocalypse (2:7), (the last book of the New Testament, which contains the revelations of St. John): "To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of my God."

This chalice design could easily be the subject of many a fruitful meditation or sermon. It is, therefore, quite appropriate that on the 1900th anniversary of the death of Our Divine Savior on the tree of the cross, the tree of life eternal, we offer our readers this particular representation of the crucifixion and suggest a few wholesome thoughts on the salvation that He wrought for us on Calvary. Our Savior desired that we keep ever in mind the remembrance of His bitter Passion and death, which were endured out of pure love for us. To forget this unspeakable benefit would be a mark of blackest ingratitude.

In order that we may be ever mindful of so great a benefit, Our Divine Savior, at the Last Supper, the very night of His betrayal by an apostle into the hands of His enemies, left us a perpetual memorial of His excessive love for us. St. Paul, the Apostle, in his first letter to the Corinthians (11:24, etc.), speaking of the Last Supper, tells us that Jesus took bread, broke it, and said: "Take ye, and eat: this is my body, which shall be delivered for you: *do this for a commemoration of me.*" In like manner (he) also (took) the chalice, after he had supped, saying: "This chalice is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as often as you shall drink, *for the commemoration of me.*" The Apostle then adds the significant words: "As often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, *you shall show the death of the Lord, until he come.*"

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is then not merely a memorial service of the Last Supper and a perpetual remembrance thereof, but it is also a *renewal of the Passion and Death of the Savior.* The Mass is in

reality, as the Apostle says above, the showing of the bloody death of the Lord on the tree of the cross. With this sublime thought in mind, that the Mass is the reenacting of the Last Supper and the renewal of the Passion and Death of Jesus on the cross, how eager should we not be to go daily to Mass and assist at the Holy Sacrifice with profit for our souls, especially in this penitential season of Lent. More than this, we should hunger and thirst for the life-giving fruits of the Mass, the Holy Eucharist. "Give us *this day our daily bread.*"

Whereas the forbidden fruit of the tree in Paradise brought death, the fruit of the tree of the cross brings life, and, unless we partake of this fruit, we shall not have life in us. The oftener we eat of this fruit with the proper dispositions, the more closely we shall be united with the source of life eternal. "Except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you," says the Savior. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath life everlasting: and I will raise him up on the last day." (John 6:54,55.) These words are a pledge of our future resurrection. For the early Christians the receiving of the Holy Eucharist was an essential part of attendance at the Sacred Mysteries—the Mass.

May the beautiful symbolism portrayed in the 'Lone Tree' chalice—the tree of life with its heavenly fruits—serve as an inspiration to our readers and enable them to see in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the renewal of the Passion and Death of the Savior of mankind, as well as the repetition of the Sacred Banquet of the Last Supper, which is spread for those who are present. May the Giver of every good and perfect gift enkindle within our hearts a lively faith in the presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, a great love for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and an ardent desire to be united with Him in Holy Communion.

Auxiliary Bishop-elect Elmer J. Ritter, S. T. D.

Word, announcing the selection of the Rev. Elmer J. Ritter, S. T. D., Rector of the Cathedral at Indianapolis, as Auxiliary to Bishop Chartrand of this diocese, was received with sentiments of great joy not only by the diocesan clergy, but also at St. Meinrad's Abbey and Seminary, where Auxiliary Bishop-elect Ritter pursued his ecclesiastical studies from first year Latin on to fourth year theology. It was the privilege of the writer of these lines to guide the future Auxiliary Bishop through the two first years of his course in Latin and thus lend him a helping hand on the way to the sacred ministry to which he felt called.

Dr. Ritter, who is a Hoosier by birth, first saw the light of day on Oak Street in New Albany, where he was born July 20, 1892. In September, 1906, at the age of fourteen, Master Elmer J. Ritter entered St. Meinrad's Minor Seminary to prepare himself for the holy priesthood. Eleven years later he reached the goal of his desires when, on May 30, 1917, the Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., to whom he is now

Auxiliary, laid hands on the young levite and spoke the words that made him a priest for ever.

Shortly after his ordination the young priest was assigned to St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, as assistant pastor; several months later, on October 12, 1917, he was called to the Cathedral to be second assistant, an appointment he filled until June, 1920, when he became first assistant. On March 20, 1924, a mark of honor came to him from Rome when, at the request of Bishop Chartrand, the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology was conferred upon him by the Holy Father. The next promotion came in the form of an appointment as Rector of the Cathedral. Thus the Auxiliary Bishop-elect of Indianapolis has mounted step by step to the lofty station he now holds. In recent years he has discharged various offices of trust. Under date of Feb. 11, 1933, Auxiliary Bishop-elect Ritter was named Vicar General of the diocese to succeed the Late Monsignor Gavisk, who died some months ago.

(Continued on page 435)

Rainbow's End

CLARE HAMPTON

CHAPTER V—KIND FRIENDS ARE RICHES

MISS MAROBONE had just put her five cats to bed in their five respective baskets, ranged in a row along one kitchen wall, and gone around the house closing windows against a renewed wild shower, when there came a frantic hammering against her kitchen door. The maiden lady stopped still in her tracks, her eyes wide with fear. Who would be hammering on her door at this time of evening? Though accustomed to living alone for so many years, yet a feeling of fright clutched at her heart.

"Miss Marobone! Miss Marobone!" cried a panic-stricken voice.

"My God! It's Myra! What's happened?" shivered the lady, rushing to open the door, and standing aghast as Myra, an old raincoat thrown over head and shoulders, ran dripping into the clean little kitchen.

"It's Daddy, Miss Marobone! He's—he's dead! Please come with me and stay with me!" And she burst into a torrent of sobs. At once Miss Marobone became a tower of strength. She gathered the weeping girl into her arms, patted her shoulder and held her close until the paroxysm passed. Then,

"My dear! Is it possible? Does anyone die of rheumatism?" she asked.

"Oh yes! I've heard of rheumatic fever going to the heart; the doctor mentioned it to me. I've telephoned him. He's coming at once."

"I'll come with you, dear. Have you phoned the Shanes?"

"Not yet."

"We must do so at once. Dear Mrs. Shane is such a capable woman. I feel so safe when she is around." Miss Marobone threw an old shawl over her head, locked her door, and taking Myra's arm, the two ran across the road to the latter's house. Even as they did so, the distant lights of a motor car were seen coming down a hill.

"That will be Doctor Phillips coming," said

Myra. "Oh this rain! Will it ever stop! It is so dismal!" They ran to the side door and let themselves in. Myra, grief-stricken and helpless, sat down in a chair and huddled close to the kitchen stove, where a wood fire burned, snivering every now and then, although it was not cold in the room. Soon the doctor arrived, and Miss Marobone having phoned to the Shanes, they lost no time in coming, and took full charge of everything, as if it were their own home, and Myra their daughter. For they could not have loved her more if she were their daughter.

All during the dreary time of preparation for the sad obsequies, it continued to rain, but on the morning of the funeral the clouds broke at last, and the world was bathed in brilliant sunshine. After the return from the cemetery, Mrs. Shane insisted that Myra go home with them for a fortnight or so.

"It will be much more cheerful for you, my dear," she said, in her motherly way. "Our house is such a busy place right now; we are pickling pork and smoking our hams and bacon, and making wine and cider, and my sewing club meets at the house this week. We are making layettes for Indian babies this month; we expect to have twenty fully completed layettes to send out by the end of the month. Then we are going to make some quilts for Christmas gifts for Father Burke, his housekeeper, and the good Sisters who teach the school."

Myra permitted them to make any plans they wished for her; she passively consented to everything. But in only one thing was she adamant: she refused to sit about with idle hands, doing nothing. Instead, once she reached the Shanes' home, she plunged feverishly into any work that was on hand, and was always looking for more. When Mrs. Shane expostulated, she replied:

"Please let me, Mother Shane. I feel that I must work, and work hard, to keep my mind off my loss. If I were at home, I would not be idle either. I would probably be tearing it

apart right now, and scrubbing it from cellar to attic."

Roy went over to Myra's home every day to feed the pets and the flock of chickens, but the small kitten he brought over to the Shanes on the first day. Queen took matters into her own hands. She preferred to remain with her mistress, although at least once a day she took a run over to the Curtis house and nosed around a bit, as if to see if all was well, and wondering perhaps why Myra did not return.

Two weeks passed by, and still Myra could not make up her mind to return to the empty, lonely house. Mrs. Shane urged her to remain as long as she liked, and it was all of a month before she finally decided that she could not remain away forever. So, taking her courage in both hands, she bade her kind friends adieu one morning, intending to walk over, but Roy insisted that she ride. Miss Marobone, hearing the machine stop opposite her home, came out, according to her usual habit of curiosity, to see who it was. Seeing Myra, she literally flew across the road to welcome her home.

"Dearie, I missed you so," she said, with tears in her eyes, and holding Myra by both hands. "It's been dreadfully lonely here without you. You must come over very often now, and we'll work and sew together, and have some nice times." Myra was very grateful for the lady's words of simple kindness and told her so.

"Thank you, Miss Marobone. It feels so good to have such kind friends. Everyone has been so good to me. I'm sure I can never repay them."

"Myra, please don't call me Miss Marobone any more. We mustn't stand on ceremony, we two lonely women. Call me Clara, dear."

"All right, Clara."

"That sounds so good. Now, I'll come in and help you a little. May I? Now don't say no. You really must let me. We must air out the place and dust and sweep a little, I suppose."

"Yes, the place must look a mess," replied Myra. "It is all of a month since I have been here."

Queen was galloping about, barking joyfully, and the other pets, hearing the racket, came rushing from various parts of the barn to greet their mistress.

"Look at them, Myra!" cried Miss Marobone. "The whole crowd of them. Look, Roy, the reception committee," as Roy came carrying a suitcase into the house. Myra stooped down, petted and talked to each one of them, then took the basket containing scraps from Mrs. Shane's kitchen, and gave each of them something.

"That's all now, my children," said Myra, half tremulously, but trying to be gay. "Now, to work." And taking off her coat, for the morning was chill, she set to work to shake the ashes out of the kitchen range.

"That's all she's been doing for a month," Roy said to Miss Marobone, setting the suitcase down in the bedroom.

"But after all," replied the maiden lady, "work is a blessed thing. If we didn't have it in times of stress, I don't know what we would do."

"Yes, I guess you're right," he replied, as he remembered how grateful he was to the Shanes for giving him work on their farm when he needed it most. "Well, Myra, is there anything you want me to do before I go back?"

"No, Roy. You'd better go back and help Mother Shane. It's churning day and baking day besides, and she will need all the help you can give her. Clara and I will see to everything here. Thank you so much for all you've done for me."

"Don't even mention it. I'll be going to town at two this afternoon, so if you need anything, just phone me and I'll bring it along."

"Thanks! I'll do that. I think I'm about out of everything." Roy left, and soon Myra had a comfortable fire going in the range.

"I think we'll start right in with the living room, Myra. What do you say? Then we can go all over the house systematically."

"I don't like to tire you too much, Clara. You have your own work at home too, you know."

"I'm all finished washing and ironing and mending, so I've a whole day to myself, and I'll be real angry if you don't let me do just as I like."

"Very well, dear. Go as far as you like then." So Miss Marobone began "tearing down" the room, as she called it, removing all the furniture and bric-a-brac, and starting to give the rug a thorough sweeping with a broom, for

Myra's finances did not admit of a vacuum cleaner. Suddenly she stopped and looked out of the window. The postman had just stopped before the gate with his horse and buggy, and was coming up the gravel path with some letters and magazines. Miss Marobone met him out on the front porch, exchanged a few gay words, and then went to give the mail to Myra.

"Myra, look! Here's a letter from the Red Cross!" she called.

"Where?" asked Myra, hurrying to meet her friend halfway across the house, her heart beginning to beat hard.

"Here! This one. I'll bet it's—" Myra opened it with trembling fingers and read. When she had finished, she handed it to Miss Marobone, and seated herself in a chair, holding her hand to her pounding heart. Miss Marobone read:

Dear Madame:

There is a man at the Pershing Hospital here who answers your description. He has been shell-shocked and lost his memory, also his identification tag. He does not know his name or whence he came before he enlisted. Could you make the trip out here and identify him?

Sincerely,

Stella Sanders, Chief of Staff,
Soldiers' Hospital.

"Oh Myra, what if that is John! Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"It would be, Clara, if I were not afraid of being disappointed."

"The Red Cross have found many lost men for relatives. Don't you think it possible that—"

"Oh, if I only dared hope it could be possible!" replied Myra, clasping her hands together fervently. Miss Marobone resumed her vigorous sweeping of the rug while she talked.

"Of course it's possible, honey. Why I just read the other day in the paper, a list of names of boys identified by parents and relatives."

"Did you? Well, that sounds encouraging. But still, I'd hate to spend the money on railroad fare for nothing. In fact, I hardly know if I have that amount."

"Don't let that worry you, dearie," reassured Miss Marobone, "I'll lend you the amount if you haven't it."

"If it really is John, I won't mind a bit, but if—"

"No if's and but's now. Go call up Mrs. Shane at once. She'll want to go with you, I know." So Myra rose and phoned Mrs. Shane immediately. That lady took the news quietly, but Myra felt by the tone of her voice that she was trying hard to suppress her excitement.

"We'll go on the afternoon train, Myra—that is, if you can pack up in such a short time. You won't need much. Just throw a few things into an overnight bag. I'll call up the depot and ask Mr. Middleton what time the train for Springfield stops here and then I'll call you back. Start right away, dear. Good-bye!" And some of Mrs. Shane's suppressed eagerness communicated itself to Myra, whose hopelessness gradually fell away and lent her a new energy.

"I'll pack my bag and then we'll work like Trojans to get finished here, Clara." In an excess of gratitude, she suddenly kissed Miss Marobone, much to that lady's astonishment. "Do you know what you're going to be if I really find John?" she asked ecstatically, forgetting that she was not going to give way to false enthusiasm.

"No! what?" asked the maiden lady, pausing in her border washing.

"My bridesmaid! Now! What do you think of that?"

"Oh no, Myra! You would want a much younger girl, wouldn't you? Besides, I'm not pretty or anything."

"Dearie, anyone with a heart like yours couldn't be anything *but* beautiful!" Miss Marobone blushed and began to rub the floor energetically to cover up her confusion.

"And whom would you have for best man?" she asked.

"Why, Roy, I guess; because, after you and the Shanes, he is the best friend I have. But, of course, we would have to wait awhile on account of Daddy. I ought to be ashamed of myself to be making plans like that, and he only dead a month!" The tears suddenly welled up in her eyes, and she lifted the corner of her neatly cross-stitched gingham apron to wipe them away.

"Ah now, Myra, honey," soothed her friend, "you shouldn't feel that way. He would be the

first one to wish to see you happy. I know that up in Heaven he's praying for you and John both, that God may make your paths cross soon. And that prayer will be answered some day."

"Do you really think so?" asked Myra, washing the furniture with a wet chamois skin.

"You bet I do. Now, you just leave that furniture be, dearie, and go, pack that bag. If we don't finish before you go, I'll just keep on working until it's done. There's the telephone. Must be Mrs. Shane."

It was, and they were to leave on the 4:55 train.

"That gives me a chance to get a lot of work done," said Myra, cheerfully, resuming the furniture cleaning. "It won't take me long to put a few things together in a grip, so I can just keep on with this work. I wonder how I'll find him? Whether he will be scarred or crippled any; not that it matters. I'd marry him if he was only one-fourth there; but it hurts so to see the poor things in such a condition."

"Well, now, you mustn't look at the dark side of things, Myra. He is probably perfect, except for the shell-shocked condition, and that may work off in time. Very often in these amnesia cases some small remembered trifle is all that is needed to cause the memory to snap back to normal. Now I read of a case not so long ago, where a Miraculous Medal on a baby's neck caused a shell-shocked father's memory to return; he had received it on his First Communion Day and he gave it to his wife to remember him by before he left for the War. They had just been married a week before. It was very touching. It was in the *Catholic Messenger*. I think I still have it at home."

"That is a sweet story, isn't it?" replied Myra. "I only hope I can find something that will help poor John in the same way. That is, if he is a victim of shell shock, and that is really he at the Soldiers' Hospital."

"Oh, I only hope and pray that it is, for your sake, dear."

"Well, I am trying hard not to feel too anxious about it, so that I won't be too dreadfully disappointed in case it is not he."

"Somebody's coming," said Miss Marobone, looking out the window. "It's Roy."

"Oh, I suppose he is going to town to buy

groceries. I won't need any now; not until the day after to-morrow anyway." They both went to the front door.

"Hello!" cried Roy. I don't suppose you'll be wanting anything from town, will you, Myra? I was just passing, so I thought I'd ask anyway."

"No, Roy. You know we are leaving on the 4:55, don't you? But let me see; I forgot about lunch, Clara. What would you like to eat?"

"You are going to eat over at my house, dearie. I have half a ham, and a lot of sweet doughnuts I baked yesterday, besides bread and butter and coffee and pickles and so forth. Never mind, Roy, you needn't bother."

"Gee, you make me hungry, Miss Marobone, talking about all that good grub. It's eleven-thirty already," he said, consulting his wrist.

"You are welcome to eat with us, Roy," she invited.

"No, thanks! I was only joking. Have to go now. Good-bye and good luck!"

(To be continued)

Pray daily for the happiness of receiving Jesus in Holy Viaticum: it is a grace which is not granted to all.

The Mass

"Be not faithless but believing."—John 20:27.

EMMA E. TOMLINSON

"What went ye forth for to see?"

The altar, white and pure—the twinkling candles there?
The golden Crucifix—the stately flowers, fair?
Or, did you long to gaze upon the marble face
Of Him, Who, hanging there, looks love upon our race?

Perhaps you found a solace in the sight of peace,
Who lately came from out the world to find surcease?

Oh, heart of mine, and mind of mine, and soul of mine,
That which I came to find, can I define?

* * *

The ancient prayer of consecration has been said;
The kneeling priest, has prostrate, humbly bowed his head.

I know—the Blessed Lord, Who unto Thomas came,
Has come to-day, in Sacramental love, the same.

St. Ninian's Influence on Scotland

J. NINIAN MACDONALD, O. S. B.

ON the southern shore of Scotland, where the waters of the Solway Firth break upon the white cliffs of Galloway, there nestles a tiny cave. Rudely carved on its wall one may still trace the sign of the Cross and the brief inscription "Sanet Ni." It is the country's most ancient sanctuary, one of the few sacred places preserved from early Christian times. To this secluded spot, as an unbroken tradition testifies, a man of God was wont to retire from time to time in order to "fill his soul in solitude with the great thought of God." Ninian, or as it is often written Nynias, was his name, and the date of his death is assigned with some probability to A. D. 432. Around this hallowed spot the fragrance of his memory still lingers and many a pilgrim's thought will recall it with affection in this fifteenth centennial year.

The introduction of the Christian religion to the British Isles has furnished a rich field of speculation to would-be historians. Some, arguing from certain passages in the Greek and Latin Fathers, have claimed St. Paul as the first apostle of these islands. From the sixth century onwards the names of St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James, St. Simon Zelotes, St. Joseph of Arimathea, and even of Aristobulus and Bran (converted from a warrior into a missionary) have also been advanced as evangelists in Britain.

What, however, is indisputable is that by the third century the religion of Jesus Christ by one means or another had found its way into such districts as had been conquered by the Roman legions. For at the beginning of that century we have Tertullian (*adversus Judaeos*, vii.) mentioning the Britons amongst the races that have accepted Christianity. This, however, would not necessarily imply that there were established Christian communities in the country. Origen, it is true, somewhat later in the same century, does speak of such communities in Britain, Mauritania, and at the confines of the world (*Hom. 4 in Ezech.*); but in another passage

(*Hom. 28 in Matth. 24*) he remarks that up to that time most of the Ethiopians, Britons, Germans, and several other races had had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Christian faith. From this we can realise how inexact was the knowledge of early Christian writers regarding the remoter provinces of the Roman empire.

That the number of Christians in Britain was not entirely negligible may be deduced from the fact that persecution did not spare them. The martyrdom of St. Alban, for example, is recorded by Constantius in his life of St. Germanus, and is substantiated by the constant tradition of Verulamium (now St. Albans); and two other martyrs of the same period are mentioned by Gildas (*Mon. Hist. Brit. 8*). There is also evidence that British bishops attended both the Council of Arles in 314 A. D., and the Council of Rimini somewhat later in the same century. This would seem to indicate a fairly well organised church in the Roman Britain of that date; though from the poverty of the bishops, alluded to by Sulpicius Severus, the inference has been drawn that their subjects were recruited only from the poorer ranks of the people.

When we speak of the world-wide empire, which for nigh on 400 years was protected by Roman legions and governed by Roman laws, it is well to remember that it did not include the whole of Great Britain. Its utmost northern barrier was the Wall of Antonine stretching from the river Forth in the east to the river Clyde in the west. Beyond that rampart lay mountainous regions into which the legions never succeeded in penetrating and tribes which never passed under the Roman yoke. A Scottish medieval historian could thus make the proud boast that the Romans "conquest ye world fra ye begynnyng all but Scotland." The district that lay immediately to the south of the great wall was designated Caledonia Romana and it comprised portions of what we now know as southern Scotland and northern

England. During the latter half of the fourth century it had much to suffer from the depredations of Picts, Scots, and other native tribes who kept sweeping down from their bleak northern territory into the fertile plains. About the year 364 a combined attack on the part of several tribes made considerable inroad into the Roman province. It was only after four years of fighting that the general Theodosius was able to drive the invaders back again beyond the rampart, when he resecured the marches and gave to the northernmost portion of the province a new name "Valentia," in compliment to his imperial master. This measure of relief was purely temporary. The contest was kept up for many years, and the weakness of an ever-changing Roman government proved of considerable advantage to the Picts and Scots.

Of immediate interest to our subject is the fact that it was precisely during this unsettled period that St. Ninian first saw the light of day. The year 360 has been accepted as the approximate date of his birth. Regarding his race and family we have no authentic details beyond a brief passage in St. Bede's ecclesiastical history:

"The southern Picts had forsaken the errors of idolatry and embraced the truth by the preaching of Nynias, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth." The tradition that he was of royal descent may mean that he was the son of some chieftain, or the descendant of some pre-Roman king. It is also possible that his parents were Christians and dwelt somewhere in the vicinity of the Solway Firth, where Ptolemy placed the tribe of the Novantee and where Leukopibia was the principal town.

After the short paragraph penned by the monk of Jarrow in the seventh century we have no other written record until we come to the *Life of St. Ninian, translated from the anglic language into latin*, by St. Aelred of Rievaulx. As we have no means of estimating the value of the documents and traditions upon which this record was based, it is impossible for us to form any judgment regarding its intrinsic historical worth. Nevertheless when one has made due allowance for the aims and methods

of a medieval biographer, it will be seen that the following pen portrait corresponds with what we learn from other sources concerning the holy man.

"While yet a boy, though not in sense one, he shunned whatever was contrary to religion, adverse to chastity, opposed to good morals. Happy was he whose delight was in the law of the Lord day and night, who like a tree planted by the waterside brought forth his fruit in due season. Wonderful was his reverence about churches, great his love for the brethren. He was sparing in food, reticent in speech, assiduous in study, agreeable in manners, adverse from jesting and in everything subjecting the flesh to the spirit."

After such an encomium the next step in Ninian's life, while it entailed no small sacrifice and called for considerable courage, does not entirely surprise us; viz., his journey to the Eternal City. From the natural standpoint alone Rome must have acted as a powerful magnet to a youth into whose ears the glories of the imperial city had constantly been dinned. The distance was great; but even in those days of limited means of transport the journey was not extraordinary. Centuries before either a Roman soldier or a Christian missionary had set foot on British soil, we find evidence of a steady commercial intercourse between Britain, Gaul, and the Mediterranean. Under Roman occupation this intercourse was greatly facilitated by the great open road,—a road that stretched from Scotland not only to Rome but to Jerusalem, a road more open and more secure for travellers in that day than even in this twentieth century of railway and telegraph and automobile. Amongst the pilgrims who visited Syria and the Holy Land in the fifth century and enjoyed the hospitality of the devout Melania mention is made by Palladius (*Hist. Lausiac.* 118, 135) of persons coming from such distant lands as Persia and Britain. St. Jerome, too, in his retreat at Bethlehem learned from the lips of a pilgrim of the sorry state of "Brittania fertilis provincia tyrannorum." (c. f. *Procopius, Bel. Van.* I, 2.)

However, for such travellers as wished to avoid the tedious journey by land and were not afraid to face perils by sea, there were ships to be found in every seaport. The item of in-

formation that a certain Roman general, Marcellus Ulpianus, who flourished in Caledonia, 193-96, had his bread sent to him from Italy proves the possibility of comparatively rapid communication. The adverb *comparatively* is used advisedly, for one gathers that the bread was stale when it arrived, and that the general's motive was to provide a remedy for over-eating.

But if Rome as the pivot of a vast empire had its attraction for a pagan Caledonian, to the Christian its appeal must have been well nigh irresistible. It has become the fashion amongst modern Protestant historians to deny or to decry the connection of early Scottish missionaries with the see of Rome, and to postulate a local church in North Britain which had no communion with the Catholic Church at large, and above all did not recognise the supremacy of the Pope. A lengthy discussion of this subject would here be out of place. In passing it is refreshing to note the close connection of Scotland's first apostle with the see of Rome and one wonders how these writers account for it. It is also worth observing that in this same period two instances are recorded of the recognition of the Pope's authority throughout western Christendom. The Council of Sardica in 347 states that the final decision in Synodal discussions rested with the Pope. And some forty years later we find Bishop Himerius of Tarragona consulting Pope Siricius on certain matters, and receiving in reply a letter couched in terms which clearly indicate that it is to be considered as definitive and authoritative not for his diocese alone but for the whole of Spain and even of Gaul.

Rome for a Christian was pre-eminently the city of the apostles. The fact that St. Peter had established there his primatial see, and that there together with his fellow apostle St. Paul he had suffered a martyr's death—a tradition held constantly from the first century—gave to this city an outstanding glory in the entire Christian world.

Besides the tombs of these great apostles it possessed also the catacombs, with their vivid traces and memories of the first martyrs, an unfailling attraction for pilgrims from every land.

It is not surprising then that the call "Go to

Rome"—comparable to that which came to Abraham centuries before—should have kept ringing in Ninian's ears, urging him to go forth from his kindred and his father's house, and at the fountain head of Christendom to seek what he could not find within the limits of his native land. In an eloquent passage of the *Vita*, St. Aelred describes the yearning of the saint's soul for the city from which his holy faith had reached him:

"I have sought in mine own land Him Whom my soul loveth. I sought Him but I have found Him not. I will arise now; I will compass sea and land. I will seek the truth which my soul loveth. Was it not said to Peter: 'Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'? Therefore in the faith of Peter there is naught inferior, naught obscure, naught imperfect, naught against which false doctrines and perverse opinions, like the gates of hell, can prevail. And where is the faith of Peter but in the see of Peter? Thither certainly must I betake me, that going forth from my land, and from my kinsfolk, and from the house of my father, I may be deemed meet in the land of vision to behold the fair beauty of the Lord and to visit His temple. Wherefore, animated by the impulse of the Holy Spirit, spurning riches and treading down earthly affections, the noble youth betook himself to pilgrimage,—and having crossed the Britannie sea, and entered Italy by the Gallic Alps, he safely arrived at the city."

The quaint old chronicler, Barbour, sums up the journey in two lines:

"He came to Rome in little space
Hale and sound by God's grace."

And what a Rome that was which greeted the eyes of the young stranger from the ends of the earth! There is scarcely a period in its long and varied history which could compare in interest with those years of transition in the latter half of the fourth century. But a short time previously the Church had made her exit from the dusk of the catacombs. Christians were free to appear openly in the full light of day, and churches were springing up on every side. Three in particular attracted the attention of every devout pilgrim. First and foremost was the basilica of Constantine the Great,

the first St. Peter's, within which lay enshrined the relics of the prince of the apostles. Out on the Ostian Way beyond the city walls another basilica was rising, dedicated to the apostle of the Gentiles. Yet another vast cathedral, which boasted of the proud title "omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput," was "the glorious capitol of the city of Peter and Paul," which was then the residence of the Popes.

But although Christianity had emerged triumphant, the manificence of pagan Rome had not been destroyed. The ancient temples, the forums, the triumphal arches of the great martial emperors were still resplendent in their former glory. Marvellous to the stranger must have appeared the mighty aqueducts that carried water to the numerous fountains, and the

spacious baths constructed by Titus, Constantine, and Caracalla. In the great Forum the statues of the pagan gods had not yet been displaced; though many temples had been stripped of their idols and converted into Christian churches. In the Colosseum the Roman crowds still took pleasure in cruel spectacles; and the vestal virgins still lingered in their privileged enclosure tending the sacred fire.

When we add to all this the attractions of Rome from a Christian standpoint, as the centre of the religious and intellectual life of the world, where the world's bishops and scholars were constantly assembling and where books were easily obtainable, we can form some idea of what a sojourn within its walls must have meant to a young and zealous student.

(Concluded next month)

The Pearl of Great Price

MARGARET S. COATES

MRS. DOUGLASS slipped her butter-spreader under the crisp flap of a heavy white envelope, and glanced at her husband. He, carefully setting down his coffee cup, was aware of both her glance and the envelope. He watched her remove the letter; though ostensibly busy with his morning paper, his mind was really on his wife's letter.

It was, of course, about those pearls—those awful pearls. How well he remembered the day of their purchase. It had been the last but one of their recent trips to New York. The wanted to give her something that would serve as a memento of that trip, and, too, a marker of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

He remembered his feeling of awe as he approached the establishment of Garçon Frères, its black and silver front presiding with lofty dignity over the smartest section of one of the world's smartest Avenues. Other shops were dwarfed into insignificance. Some functionary with more importance than an admiral and a general combined, held open the heavy door while he, a mere being from nowhere, chose to walk into the shop. Brian felt, he recalled, as though Garçon Frères were con-

ferring on him a quite unmerited privilege in allowing him to enter at all.

An attendant glided forward, ready to serve him.

"Some necklaces, please."

"Pearls, perhaps?" the attendant cooed.

"Too expensive," Mr. Douglass muttered. Who did this man think he was?

"Ah, but Monsieur, there is a very lovely strand—this. It is but forty-five dollars." An expression of pain flitted across his face as though he found excruciatingly unpleasant the mention of so sordid a thing as money. "Of course, they are not real pearls, but a splendid imitation, yes?"

Mr. Douglass agreed that they were. He took the strand. The pearls were nice-looking, although he realized he was no judge of such things. He very nearly thanked the attendant—he supposed the man was a clerk, though he had the manner of a high priest at work in his temple—for accepting the money.

And now, it appeared, the suave dignitary had made a mistake. What a mistake! It stood, spectrally, between him and his wife.

Those pearls had practically disrupted their home life.

While they continued their silent breakfast, Brian thought again of the beginning of all this trouble. It seemed much more than ten days ago that Catherine had interrupted his customary noonday nap to make her dramatic announcement. As she entered the living room where he stretched sleepily upon the divan, her face was flushed. At first he was afraid he had overslept, and he sat up, hurriedly buttoning his vest and tying his cravat. Her detaining hand touched his shoulder.

"It's early—just one-thirty. Sit down."

He sat, still fumbling with his collar and tie, smoothing his hair.

"Brian, how much did you pay for those pearls?"

"Little girls mustn't ask questions, Kitty. It wasn't much—not as much as I—"

He smiled engagingly, but she didn't return his smile. She only went more directly to a point she evidently intended making.

"What do you call 'not much', may I ask?"

"Why, may I ask, do you want to know?"

"Because the jeweler has just telephoned to tell me that when I took the strand to be restrung—you remember I broke them at Mrs. Forbes' party Tuesday—there was one pearl missing. He has written to New York to find out about matching it. He had an expert from Minneapolis look at the strand and—" she suspended speech for a moment, being now aware of the dramatic import of the announcement she was about to make, "and it will cost five hundred dollars to match it. It was one of the larger pearls."

"Great heavens!" Mr. Douglass whistled. "I didn't pay that for the whole string. That expert's crazy."

"He says the expert appraised the beads and they're worth about five thousand dollars," Mrs. Douglass announced, struggling to be calm—and succeeding.

"He's crazier than ever. There must be a mistake. You wait till you hear from New York."

And now Catherine had heard from New York. He had noted the envelope's address when he took it, with others, from the mail box that morning. He put it beside her plate, at

the top of the small mound of letters. But not until she had read all her other mail, and he was on the point of leaving, did she hand Brian the letter from Garçon Frères. Her lips, compressed into a thin straight line, barely parted as she said,

"There was no mistake."

He read the short note, but he read much more between the typed lines. The mistake was not with the estimate of the Minneapolis expert, but with the firm of Garçon Frères. Their tact in admitting such a mistake was admirable.

A five-thousand-dollar necklace had been wrongly placed in a tray containing other items meant for a special sale. This necklace, it was true, was intended for sale at a reduction of five hundred dollars. Brian could see that the person who had marked the sales ticket had put "45" instead of "4500" on the tiny white tag. Perhaps that was the way Garçon Frères coded their tags; the error lay in the necklace's being misplaced, so that when a new clerk, unfamiliar with the stock, had come upon it, he had not rectified the mistake. He had sold the necklace for forty-five dollars. Had it not been for the circumstance of the strand's breaking because Mrs. Forbes had, in her eagerness to examine it, been too hasty, he and Catherine might never have known the difference. Now that he thought of it, Brian realized the pearls were, indeed, very fine, but he, no judge of pearls, would never have suspected they were worth five thousand dollars.

Garçon Frères regretted very deeply the inconvenience caused Mr. and Mrs. Douglass by the correspondence. They could, of course, match the pearls, sending one to replace the missing bead.

"Well, Kitty, we'll have to wait a bit. I can't afford it—just now," Brian said when he finished reading the letter. He rose, picking up his newspaper.

"There is no need, Brian, for of course I shall send the pearls back."

"Send 'em back? But why?"

"I shouldn't feel right about keeping them," his wife said.

Brian sat down abruptly.

"But why on earth! Look here, those are your pearls, Kitty. I paid for 'em."

"You paid for a forty-five-dollar string of pearls. This happens to be a five-thousand-dollar strand. Not the same thing at all. Even you will admit that there is a difference between the two figures."

He ignored the slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone. He knew she was tired; so was he. This argument over the pearls had gone on for days, but he supposed he had settled the matter last night; certainly he had launched rather convincing points.

"Of course, I know the difference," he said patiently, "but that isn't the point. The point is that they made the mistake—not I. They will simply have to stand by their sale. Too bad. I must say even Garçon Fr—Garçon whatever you call 'em couldn't afford many such mistakes—but, anyway, they made this one, and they're behaving very nicely, I'm sure." He glanced at the letter again.

"Yes—that's just what makes me want to return the pearls. They are so nice about it. But, even so, I think I've no right to keep them; the only thing to do is to return them. I should never have a moment's peace if I didn't send them back."

Catherine rose wearily, and Brian once more gathered up his paper preparatory to departure. He sighed; women were so stubborn.

"Well, my dear, I still think you're wrong, but whether it's for the peace of your conscience or the peace of my home, please do whatever you wish. I'm—" he checked him-

self abruptly, finishing lamely, "—going to the office."

François de Chambray, manager of the New York salon of Garçon Frères, sat at his huge desk. Open before him was a thin, satin-lined case. Lying snugly in it was a handful of unstrung pearls, twenty-four of them. He summoned his assistant, Doumer.

"André, the pearls—they are here. That kind Mrs. Douglass has sent them back. She must be—how they say—one woman in ze t'ousand. Not many would do that, eh, André? Let us see, of course we shall send her the check for their cost and—but come with me, André."

Together they entered the salon, walking quickly among the small tables at which customers sometimes sat while selecting jewels. M. de Chambray, followed by Doumer, went first to the trays of pearls and selected a strand.

"These—five hundred, *n'est-ce pas?* Bien, she shall have them." And he strode quickly to the silverware department. "You, Jacques LeForge, let me see that case of silver that came in yesterday—the one marked a thousand dollars, you know." He turned to André, silent at his side. "This, André, will be marked—the good lady's initials are CJD—we will mark each piece of silver, so she cannot return it."

He returned to his office and sat down to write to Mrs. Douglass.

"*C'est incredible,*" he muttered as he penned the salutation.

Benedict, the Last Roman Hero

A Story for Youth

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

(Continued)

THE HERMIT OF SUBIACO

NEAR at hand was a small cave seven feet long and five feet wide a thousand feet up the side of the mountain. Here the young Benedict could be hidden from all the world. Romanus clothed him with the religious habit

then in use—a sheepskin cloak—and promised to bring him food and keep his secret. He gave him some books and also some tools to work a small garden near the cave.

Thus we find Benedict at Subiaco. What courage it took for this boy to live alone this way, alone in order to pray well, to keep away from the temptations and sins and worries of

the world, to make himself stronger in spirit, to become a saint. Certainly God, who wanted to strengthen him and prepare him for his great work, had given him a special call for that kind of life.

And certainly the devil got busy bothering him and tempting him.

The story is told how the devil tried to frighten him. Romanus used to let down Benedict's food over the cliff to the cave on a rope, to avoid having to climb down the rock path to him. On this rope was a little bell to attract the hermit's attention. One time when the rope was let down, the devil threw a rock at the bell and smashed it to pieces.

But this was small compared to that other attack he made on the holy young man. This was a terrible temptation to impure pleasure and desire. He placed before Benedict's mind such an attractive picture of the wicked women he had seen in Rome, that he was almost ready to leave this lonely life and go back to the city. It was an awful moment. But again Benedict showed what a powerful man he was. If the temptation was terrible, his remedy was more terrible. Near his cave was a clump of thorn bushes. Pulling off his clothes, he plunged into these bushes and rolled himself around in them till his whole body was a bloody, wounded mass. What impure temptation could stand up under such suffering? Seven hundred years later St. Francis of Assisi visited Subiaco. At sight of these thorn bushes he was filled with devotion at the thought of what Benedict had done here. He made the sign of the cross over the thorn bushes and changed them into beautiful rose bushes which still bloom, and their flowers have been known to work cures. More than that; never more in all his life was he tempted to impurity in any way.

DISCOVERED

Benedict had been living hidden away from men for three years. This was the great time of preparation for his future work; it was during these years that he discovered the perfect way to live and found that it worked. Now he was ready to teach others.

On Easter Day Our Lord appeared in a vision to a priest some distance from Subiaco who was just about to sit down to dinner.

"Here you have a good meal for yourself," said Our Lord to the good priest, "and my servant is going hungry." And He told him to carry the food to Benedict. He did so and together they ate their Easter dinner.

The priest, on becoming acquainted with the young hermit, was forced to admire him very much; naturally when he got home he told the people about this holy and courageous youth.

Now Benedict's work began. Some peasants and shepherds from the neighborhood soon undertook the difficult climb up to his cave. Benedict did not drive them away; he welcomed them smiling and talked to them kindly, instructing them in the best way to live and save their souls.

His fame spread and soon men came to him telling him that they too wanted to live his kind of life. Thus there grew up around Subiaco many hermitages where disciples lived under the guidance of its first inhabitant. They were delighted with his simple, gentle rule of life, and saw that by living according to it they were becoming happier and better.

THE POISONED CUP

Not far distant from Subiaco there had grown up a religious community of men. At first they had led holy lives, but later on they had begun to take things too easy, to neglect prayer, and so had become pretty loose in their way of living. Now it happened that their Abbot, or Superior, died, and the monks, having heard so much of Benedict of Subiaco, sent to ask him to be their Superior. Benedict had heard about their wicked way of living, and so he refused. But they begged him, telling him that here was a chance for him to put them right again and do them much good. Benedict then consented and went to live with them.

He began immediately to enforce the rules of regular prayer and work. These men who had grown so loose would not stand for that. At first they grumbled among themselves; then they determined on a wicked crime to get rid of their holy Abbot. They had the custom at dinner to present a cup of wine for the Abbot to bless before drinking from it. Their plan was to put poison in this wine and give it to Benedict to bless and drink. But they did not know what a great servant of God they had to deal

with. No sooner had Benedict made the sign of the cross over the cup, when it burst into a thousand pieces. Then Benedict understood the situation and, seeing he could do no good here, he left this place and returned to his beloved Subiaco.

BENEDICTINE LIFE

Of course, the disciples of Subiaco were glad to see their father return to them; they had realized their loss when he was gone. Settled down again among them, Benedict now began to organize them into a well regulated way of living. Since the number of men had grown rather large, he had twelve monasteries built in the neighborhood, placing a few monks with an Abbot for Superior in each one. He himself guided and governed them all according to his famous Rule.

Isn't it interesting to know that right now there are thousands of religious in all countries still living according to the same Rule that those men lived by nearly 1500 years ago? What makes it still as popular as it always has been during so many hundreds of years is that it is so simple and beautiful and human.

Just how did they live? Well, each house or monastery was to be like a family with the Abbot as father. No one had anything of his own, but got everything he needed from the monastery. Their day was divided into two beautiful acts—prayer and work. At certain times they came together in the church to sing or chant God's praises; at other times they worked, each one doing the work commanded him. And they did all kinds of work, from teaching, preaching, and writing, down to working in the garden or in the kitchen.

So that deserted, wild place became a place of beauty where the praises of God constantly sounded, men lived beautiful lives of charity, and rich fields and gardens sprang up instead of wild briars and bushes.

Like all great and strong men, Benedict was always kind and gentle in applying his Rule. And that too has always been the way of Benedictine life. Of course, when a monk was careless, he was corrected and had to do some little penance for his fault. But that is the only way to make oneself a better man.

MAURUS AND PLACIDUS

As the days went by, the fame of this beautiful life spread far and wide, even to Rome. Many who came out to see it for themselves were so attracted by it and by the great leader, Benedict, that they determined to stay. Some of these were rich noblemen. About the year 522 three of the leading noblemen of Rome, Equitius, Tertullus, and Boetius visited Subiaco. They were deeply impressed and would have stayed had not affairs of state prevented them. Instead, Equitius offered his twelve-year-old son Maurus, and Tertullus his seven-year-old son Placidus to Benedict to be trained as future religious.

The two boys soon became very dear to Benedict; since they were obedient and quick to learn, Benedict took special pains to instruct them well. Both later became saints and only a little less famous than their spiritual father. Their own fathers made large donations to Benedict of houses and lands they owned. He later built monasteries in these places.

WATER FROM A ROCK

Three of the monasteries Benedict had built were up on the top of the mountain; the only water supply these monks had was a lake a half mile below and the climb was steep and dangerous. One day these monks complained to Benedict of this; he promised to see what could be done.

That same night, while all were asleep he took the boy Placidus with him on to the mountain. There they both knelt on the rock and prayed. Then he placed three small stones on the spot where they had prayed and left. The next day he said to these monks, "Go and scoop out a small hole in the rock where it is marked with three stones, for Almighty God can make water flow from the mountain top."

They found the spot already moist. Then after they had dug a bit into the rock, an abundant stream of fresh water flowed out which to this day is still running.

(To be continued)

Sunday is God's day; yet, how few people give Him His full due on Sunday: Mass and Holy Communion.

Keeping an Ancient Vow

MARIE WIDMER

IN the picturesque Turtmann valley, which one reaches by a bridle path from Leuk in the Rhone Valley, there was once a serious plague of vipers. Many valuable cattle were destroyed and poverty became an all-around affliction. The dairymen then convened in a special meeting, and resolved that they were ready to bring a sacrifice, if God only would free the valley from the deadly snakes. They promised to divide among the poor the cheese produced on one day on each alp. This simple, and for these humble peasants, not unimportant "sacrifice" seems to have obtained for them the blessing desired. The vipers disappeared and ever since the dairymen distribute on a certain day in August the cheese produced on a given day. After finishing this quaint and kindly act they tell the recipients, "Now pray for the cows," and shriveled old men and women and poorly clad children lift up their hands and pray, and pray.

All are eligible for this share of the dairymen's bounty or sacrifice. Carrying empty crates on their backs, which later hold the gifts of cheese, these poor visitors come to the alps already on the previous day from Leuk, Raron, Gampel and other hamlets, many hours' walking and strenuous climbing. A barn is their shelter over night, and with the dawn of day they set out to visit alp after alp. The dairymen are ready for them, and according to the number of applicants, the cheeses to be divided are cut up in smaller or larger portions. The number of these poor varies. Last year there were but 25, but on previous occasions there have been as many as 50.

It is estimated that each applicant usually collects from forty to fifty pounds of cheese on this day. Efforts were made some time ago to abolish this old custom, and to provide the poor people in their own villages with some special gifts of cheese. However, the dairymen refused to deviate from the custom. They insist on handing out the cheese in their own summer domicile, high up on the lofty alps, and their gifts are bestowed in such kindly fashion that the poor themselves are only too

happy to undertake the strenuous journey, and to pray for the safety of the cows in grateful acknowledgment of the cheese.

Where I Find God

SR. M. AGNES FINLEY

On the hill tops and in the trees,
In the quiet stream and the restless seas,
In the lonely wood where I love to tread,
In the silver sky and the stars o'er head.
In the honey bee which seeks the flower
Where the nectar lies. In the distant tower,
In the colored sunset of a western sky,
In the peaceful waking of the East near by;
In the loud rain and the louder wind
Thou art always present, O Savior kind,
Always making the great waves roll,
Always flowering the knotted knoll,
Always feeding the fish that swim
And the birds that loiter in Autumn dim.
Every inch of the world holds Thy Face,
Every heart hides the gift of Thy grace.
Everywhere I am finding Thee, God,
Wherever a sinner or saint hath trod.
If I fly to the depths of the earth Thou art there,
If I soar to the sky, there! God! Everywhere!
In my own soul, in its innermost part
I find Thee! Incomprehensible! God Thou art!

Auxiliary Bishop-elect Elmer J. Ritter

(Continued from page 422)

Tuesday, March 28, is the day fixed for the consecration of Auxiliary Bishop-elect Ritter. Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, will consecrate the new prelate in the Cathedral at Indianapolis. Bishop Ledvina of Corpus Christi, and Bishop Smith of Nashville, both former priests of the diocese, will be co-consecrators.

We offer heartiest congratulations to Dr. Ritter on the great honor and dignity that has been bestowed upon him. May the Holy Spirit fill him with an abundance of grace to assist him in the task that lies before him. *Ad multos annos!*

Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 436)

he entered the novitiate at St. Vincent's, where he pronounced his vows on Jan. 23, 1880. The priesthood was conferred upon him on Feb. 4, 1883, by the Rt. Rev. Rupert Seidenbusch, O. S. B., then Vicar Apostolic of Northern Minnesota. For eleven years following his ordination, Father Placidus did parochial work. Then after spending five years in the classroom at St. John's, he was called in 1899 to Rome to teach in the Greek College. Five years later he returned from the Holy City and has since that time been active as professor at St. John's and as confessor of the students.

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—An oriental college for the training of students to work for the reunion of schismatics in Russia has been opened at Munich by His Eminence Cardinal von Faulhaber. The Rev. Chrysostom Baur, O. S. B., of Abbey of Seckau in Austria, said to be the greatest living authority on St. Chrysostom, has been appointed rector of the new college.

—The Rev. Ambrose Huebner, O. S. B., of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., observed on Dec. 21, 1932, the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The venerable jubilarian celebrated a Solemn High Mass at the Abbey to commemorate the glad event. Born in Brooklyn, Dec. 9, 1848, Father Ambrose has had a long life full of varied and interesting experiences. He made his studies for the priesthood at St. Vincent's, near Latrobe, Pa. There he also entered the Order, and made his religious profession on Sept. 17, 1869. Having offered up his first Mass in St. Benedict's Church, Newark, in 1872, F. Ambrose returned to St. Vincent's to begin his work in the sacred ministry. When he went back to the abbey, he took with him, it is said, the first baseball ever used at the college, and instructed the students how to play the game, which has long since become national in scope. In 1877 he went to Kansas and helped to establish at Atchison the community which became known as St. Benedict's Abbey, and which now conducts a theological seminary, a flourishing college, together with both senior and junior high schools. Although the jubilarian is in his eighty-fifth year, he still walks erect and reads his breviary without the aid of artificial means.

—The Very Rev. Leonard Schlimm, O. S. B., a monk of St. Vincent's Archabbey, who has been Apostolic Administrator of Holy Cross Abbey at Canon City, Colorado, since the resignation of Abbot Cyprian Bradley about two years ago, has been relieved of his burden. During his administration, Father Leonard is said to have done valiant work in handling a difficult financial situation. The Holy See has appointed as his successor a religious of similar name, the Rev. Leonard Schwinn, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas.

—The Rev. Basil Odermatt, O. S. B., of Conception Abbey, will pass the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on March 12. The golden jubilee of his first Mass will occur on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25. For the time being the jubilarian is filling the place of chaplain at the St. Mary College for women at Leavenworth, Kansas.

—Death took from Mount Angel Abbey the Rev. Adelmund Roelzin, O. S. B., who died on Feb. 5, in Holy Cross Sanatorium, Deming, New Mexico, where he had been a patient for some time. The deceased, whose mother still lives in Switzerland, was born on March 9, 1885. Heeding the call of God in his man-

hood, he enlisted under the banner of St. Benedict in the service of the Master. Having made his religious profession on Dec. 15, 1920, the priesthood was conferred upon him June 6, 1925. R. I. P.

—Sudden death overtook Sister M. Therese Grugin, O. S. B., in an automobile accident near Oil City, Pa., while she was on her way to the mother house to make a retreat in preparation for her final vows. R. I. P.

—Wednesday, Feb. 22, was a day of rejoicing for the Rev. Aloysius Luther, O. S. B., pastor of St. Benedict's Church, Baltimore, and his parishioners. On that memorable day the beautiful new St. Benedict's Church was dedicated by Archbishop Curley. Arch-abbot Alfred Koch, O. S. B., of St. Vincent's Archabbey near Latrobe, Pa., was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass of dedication. The festive sermon was preached by the Rev. Walter Stehle, O. S. B., also of St. Vincent's, a former pastor of the parish. The new church, a Romanesque basilica in style with a beautiful campanile, was designed by the Rev. Michael McInerney, O. S. B., of Belmont Abbey, N. C., who was an architect before he entered the religious state. The building is constructed of brick, faced with very hard vitrified brick. In the construction of the high altar fifty-two tons of pink granite were used. The canopy over the altar required ten and one-half tons of the same stone. Wings on either side of altar, extending along the walls of the sanctuary, contain nine panels with glazed tile crosses in the five liturgical colors. These panels form, as it were, thrones for the nine angelic choirs. The dossals, or curtains, behind the altar are so arranged that the color required by the liturgy of the day can be easily displayed. The pulpit, which is carved from a single block of pink granite, is fitted out with an audiphone mechanism, which can be attached to receivers in a section of the pews for the benefit of the hard of hearing. Stained-glass windows will not be installed until conditions improve sufficiently to warrant such expenditure. The congregation of St. Benedict's had long been laying aside money in order to build a church worthy of the name. Their desire has been fulfilled in the beautiful structure which is an ornament to the city of Baltimore.

—The feast of St. Scholastica, Feb. 10, was a happy day for the Rev. Placidus Wingerter, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., for on that day he celebrated the golden jubilee of his first Solemn High Mass. The venerable jubilarian was celebrant of the Mass; Abbot Alcuin preached the festive sermon. Among those present at the Mass was Sister Pirminia, O. S. B., of St. Benedict's Convent, a Sister of the jubilarian. Father Placidus was born in Bavaria, Oct. 20, 1859. Having completed his classical studies in Europe, he came to the land of opportunity, arriving at St. John's in August, 1878. The following January

(Continued on page 435)

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:—It will be out of order with the rules governing KWEERY KORNER for the editor to attempt an answer to or to try entering the case concerning restitution presented by the questioner from Toledo, Ohio. You will please present your case to your own confessor or to any priest in the confessional.

I frequently see mention of Patron Saints in your question box and would like to know if there is a Patron Saint for midwives.

Saint Raymond Nonnatus is considered the patron of midwives and his feast is celebrated on August 31st.

I am a university student and in one of our lectures some time ago the Professor used the expression "The Golden Legend." I have been unable to find mention of it in any of our reference books and am asking you if it could possibly be some religious volume.

Your editor is surprised, indeed, that you could not find a reference to "The Golden Legend." The earliest collections of the lives of the Saints, made in the western church was entitled "The Golden Legend." The compiler was Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa. The "Legend" contains 177 chapters, each of which treats of a Saint or a festival taken from the church calendar. The work was very popular and was translated into many languages.

Was Abraham a Santa Clara a religious and, if so, to what order did he belong?

Abraham a Santa Clara was a Discalced Augustinian Friar.

From what name does the form Tessie come?

Tessie is a pet name for Theresa, which, of course, is a Saint's name.

Please inform me what the letters "Sc. M." after a name signify. I have often met them in my reading.

The letters "Sc. M.", to which you refer, are an abbreviation of the Latin words: Sanctae Memoriae and mean "of holy memory" or "of blessed memory". They are applied after death to a person whose life has been an exemplary one and do not imply that the person in question is a Saint, though the term is properly applied to a Saint.

I am an engineer on the railroad and am wondering if engineers have a Patron Saint?

Yes, the Patron Saint of engineers is Saint Ferdinand, whose feast is commemorated on May 30th.

What is meant by the expression "of canonical age"?

The Church, the same as the State, determines certain ages at which her subjects become capable of incurring certain obligations, enjoying certain privileges, of entering certain states of life, of holding certain offices and dignities, etc. Such a determined age is called the "canonical age" and is determined, not from the time of baptism, but from birth.

Who are the Urbanists?

In the year 1264 Cardinal Cajetan, with the approbation of Pope Urban IV, drew up a religious rule, somewhat modifying the original rule of the Poor Clare nuns. This reformed order of the original Franciscan rule came to be known as the Urbanists, in distinction to the Clarisses, who followed the original Franciscan rule.

Can you tell me who were the "Angelicals" and give me some information concerning them?

The "Angelicals" are an order of nuns following the rule of Saint Augustine. The well known Luigia Di Torelli, Countess of Guastalla, founded the order about 1530. The nuns address each other with the name "Angelica" instead of the ordinary title of Sister. Their principal work is the protection and reclamation of girls. With the exception of the original mother house founded by the Countess, the order was dissolved early in the 19th century.

From what Saint's name does the nickname Bertel come?

Bertel is the Danish and Norwegian form of the name Bartholomew, one of the twelve Apostles, whose feast occurs August 25th.

Is a Catholic girl allowed to keep a "blind date"?

If you take the rather modern expression a "blind date," which means to accept an invitation for a certain form of entertainment with a totally unknown escort, in its strict sense, then a girl is not permitted to keep a blind date, for the simple reason that our catechism teaches us that we have the obligation of choosing proper company. And, moreover, a girl who keeps blind dates is certainly lacking the qualities of a lady.

In a novel some time ago I read the word "Lectern" and it seemed to have some reference to religious service. Will you kindly explain what it means?

The word "Lectern" is only a variant of the word "lectern" or "lecturn." A lecturn is a reading stand upon which a large volume is placed for use during the time of divine service.

May a child receive the name Anatole in Baptism?

Yes, the feast of the Venerable Anatole is commemorated on May 26th.

What does the term "orale" mean?

An "orale" was a sort of second amice which was at one time worn by the Pope in celebrating Mass. It is no longer in use. The "orale" was also known as a "fanon" and under the latter name you will find further information in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

I have often heard that most of the names occurring in the Bible have a special meaning and hence am anxious to know whether any special meaning attaches to the name Abel.

The name Abel signifies "vanity." No doubt, the meaning "vanity" in this connection is taken from the brevity of Abel's life.

From what name does the pet term Dolly come and is it the name of a Saint?

The very much used pet term Dolly is an English contraction of the name Dorothy. And Dorothy is a much-found Saint's name.

Is John the Baptist considered a Saint of the Old or the New Testament?

John the Baptist is reckoned amongst the New Testament Saints.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING

With most of us March carries the promise of spring, and an end to all the tiresome snow and cold and gray, melancholy days, but in the Dakotas winter often lasts considerably longer, so, when most of us are looking for the welcome respite from coal buying, firing-up, and carrying out ashes, the Mission furnaces are still in full swing. This means a great outlay for fuel, and a long wait until the frost is out of the ground, so that the garden may be planted with vegetables, which will help with the food problem.

Why keep up the struggle in such an unpromising land? Because here there are souls—precious souls ripe for the harvest, and wherever the missionary scents souls, he will brave any hardships, struggle against the most obstinate conditions, rather than give up! Let us help him to carry on!

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

Father Ambrose writes that they are having zero temperatures and plenty of snow, with high winds. The snow and cold are greatly intensified by these penetrating winds that pierce through to the marrow and drive the snow through the smallest crevices.

In November, forty little girls were laid up in the dormitory with measles, each mottled in a different way, according to different stages of the disease. Any mother whose children had this disease knows what it means to wait on them. Can you imagine the job the Sister Infirmarian had on her hands then? But that was not all; some of the larger girls had them at the same time, though not as many, and they were in their own dormitory, and at the same time, twenty little boys were obliged to forego the pleasures of coasting, which was a trial indeed.

Father says he is getting a new gray hair every minute worrying about the bills. Wood is scarce, and the coal pile keeps melting like snow in the sun; a car of coal is gone before one knows it, and another has to be ordered, and no money to pay for it.

Little Lollypop, the first little girl to have the measles, is up and around again. She knows only a few words of English, but understands well how to express her joy with those few, on being able to play with her toys again. Her right name is Irene Iron-hoop.

The other day every nook and corner contained a group of children folding, sealing, and sorting Father Damian's little mission paper, "Northern Lights." This is a most interesting little periodical; by its vivid descriptions it transports its readers to that distant mission field in spirit. Send \$1.00 to Father Damian and enjoy this absorbing quarterly message for a year. It will help to defray those mountainous coal bills!

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Seventy new beds were bought at the beginning of school, on credit, of course, because the funds were not on hand. But the children had to have some place to sleep. Seventy sheets were found, but only a few left over to change the beds the next week. A lot of beds have to wait until the sheets are dry from the wash, to be covered again. Now, if each housewife who reads this article, would donate just *one sheet* from her pile, double bed size, Sister could cut them in half and make two out of each. The beds are 3 foot, 6 inches in width. But she says that she will be satisfied with unbleached muslin if nothing else can be had; this muslin can now be purchased for as low as 4½¢ per yard at some sales. Five yards of 36-inch will make one sheet. Some society or club might even buy a bolt or two of it; that would delight Sister immensely.

Then, that pot and pan shower—cups, saucers, spoons, knives and forks are needed too. And stockings for the kiddies—all sizes. One lady, who is not very rich, decided she would buy one pair of stockings a week and put them into a box for Father Justin. If each person would buy just one thing, say a ten cent article, each week—in a year, which contains 52 weeks, there would be 52 articles. If 100 people would send one article a week, there would be 5200 articles in a year! Our Lord thought a great deal of the widow's mite. He will reward you a hundredfold for your little gift!

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Every available girl, and even a number of boys, are sewing by hand and on sewing machines, to repair clothing that really is almost beyond repair, yet that they cannot afford to discard, because there is no other. It is veritably a case of "patch on patch and a hole in the middle," as the old riddle goes. Much of the clothing that comes in in charity bundles, is in bad repair, and this must all be gone over and made wearable. "It is eighteen below zero this morning," writes Father, "and everything is frozen up solid, except the coal pile, which melts faster the colder it gets. Dakota is a terrible place in winter for the one who pays the coal bill. When the thermometer is way down below zero, and the wind howls around each building, finding its way through every crevice, our coal bill mounts to the almost unbelievable cost of thirty to fifty dollars

per day. We economize in every possible way that we can, too, but the only optimistic view we can take of the situation is, that we are not up in the Mackenzie country in Canada, where things are still worse.

"Our three hundred and twenty-five little Indians are all well and happy. The coal bill does not bother them; theirs is the light heart of childhood, and it is right that they should have a warm and comfortable house in which to live, and not be bothered by the problems which worry us grown-ups. They are working hard in shop and classroom, and we shall feel well repaid if we can make something of them."

COMPOSITION BY IMMACULATE CONCEPTION PUPIL

This is the autobiography of a Redskin Maiden, and I hope you will enjoy it. I was born in South Dakota on July 15, 1915. I don't remember much of my life there because we moved when I was about two years old. We moved to the country, where old mother hens and turkey gobblers took the liberty of chasing me whenever they chose. Then we moved to the Twin Cities, and it is there I hope to go to high school next year. I have been going to the mission school for three years and am in the eighth grade now. I like it very well. We have plenty to eat, plenty to wear, a nice place to sleep, and lots of fun. I know this is all through the goodness of our benefactors who send Father Justin clothes and money. May God bless you all. In winter when it snows and is too cold to go out, we girls do fancy work. Of course, we also have our regular work in the kitchen, laundry, sewing room, and school. I have been taking music lessons too—on the violin, mandolin, and autoharp. Little Indians love music, you see. Oh, yes, and maybe you would like to hear of the most exciting adventure of my life? It was when my sister and I went to drive the little calves into the barn. All of a sudden Doris gave a scream, and rushed for the hayrack. But before I could turn around, a steer caught me in its horns and tossed me up; however, I didn't quite reach the stars because my cousins rushed to my rescue. I will bid you good-bye now, and once more thank you for your charity toward our Mission.

Linda La Croix.

LETTER OF MARTY PUPIL

Dear Friend:—

I am very glad to write and tell you about our Mission. I came from North Dakota and this is my second year at Marty. I like the school very much and am in the eighth grade. There are about three hundred of us here in school. The seventh and eighth grades go to school in the morning and the fifth and sixth go in the afternoon. I work in the laundry in the afternoons. We like this arrangement, as it is a change for us—not being at one thing too long. Every Sunday we go for a long walk, and oh, do we enjoy this! Father is so kind to us; he has a good movie for us to enjoy every Tuesday evening. Every afternoon at four o'clock all the children gather around the statue

of the Little Flower and say the Litany for our benefactors. This is the only way we have of showing you our gratitude. We enjoy *The Grail* very much, and love to see our letters published.

Yours sincerely,
Lillian Dubois.

Children's Corner

(Continued from page 443)

Bein' so sticky an' sweet,—Goon'es land.

(Put feeling in first line and show pride in the three lines following.)

Little Brown Baby wif spahklin' eyes

Who's pappy's dahlin', an' who's pappy's chile?

Who is it all de day long nevah once tries foh to be cross

Or once loses dat smile?

Whah did yo' git dem teef? My yo's a scamp! (Surprise and delight.)

Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?

Pappy don' know yo'—I believe yo's a tramp!

(Change facial expression and tone to correspond with lines. Doubtful.)

Mammy, heah's some ol' stragglah got in.

Le's throw him outen de doh in de san', (Serious.)

We don' want stragglah's layin' roun' heah,

Le's gin him erway to de big buggah man,—

I know he's a hidin' eroun, heah right neah'. (Look about.)

Buggah man! Buggah man! Come in de doh! (Call.)

Heah's a bad boy,—you kin have foh to eat,

Mammy an' pappy don' want him no moh—

Swaller him down, f'om his haid to his feet!

(Child snuggles up to father who caresses him and in tender tones continues.)

Dah, now, I t'out dat you'd hug me up close—

Go 'way, ole Buggah man! Yo' shan' have dis boy.

(Stern.)

He ain' no tramp ner no stragglah, of cose,—

He pappy's pahdner, an' playmate an' joy!

(Soothingly.)

Come to yo' pallet now, go to yo' res'. (Rock body back and forth.)

Wish you' could allus know peace an' cleah skies!

Wish yo' could stay jes' a chile on mah bres,—

Little Brown Baby wif spahklin' eyes."

(Give last lines very tenderly and soothingly. Do not attempt to read this unless you can give Negro dialect well. It will mean little to an audience unless given with expression and feeling. You must make your listeners see the little Brown Baby, the father, and the Buggah Man! If this is given as it should be, it will hold the audience so that the falling of a pin might be heard.)

This reading is very effective given with music which can be obtained from any house that sells dramatic material.

If any one wishes help with this, write to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Neb.



FOOTPRINTS

The steps of Calvary are rough and steep
As toilfully we mount them. Cruel are
Their jagged edges, wounding as we creep
On our long pilgrimage. But from afar
We have beheld the glory of the Lord;
His horsemen and their chariots of Light,
Wielding exultantly, Love's bloodless sword,
Inspiring us to follow to the height.

Gaunt crosses loom above us, grimly stark;
Bright nails and spears we dread to contemplate
And when death draws his ghostly fingermark,
Recoiling flesh will often hesitate.
But blessed Footprints guide and echoing
We hear triumphant Halleluias ring.

—Anne M. Robinson.

FOR LENT

An exchange suggests the following practices for the holy season of Lent.

Go to Mass every morning.

Go to Holy Communion every morning if you can; at least once a week.

Make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day.

Make a sincere effort to keep the letter and the spirit of Lent.

More people are killed by eating than by fasting.

We all eat too much meat. The doctors say it is a prolific source of disease. The whole world asks restraint in eating.

Buy a book of Catholic devotion. Read it for at least fifteen minutes a day.

Get acquainted with yourself. Get chummy with your soul. A meditation of ten minutes a day will go far to make you a thoughtful Catholic.

Attend the special devotions for Lent.

Make the Stations of the Cross at least once a week. This practice will keep you in the spirit of Lent.

Set aside some of the money you have for little luxuries for charity.

MY LITTLE WOODEN CRUCIFIX

A little wooden Crucifix,
As plain as it can be,
But only God in heaven knows
How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me,
In every step I take,

In the evening when I slumber,
In the morning when I wake.

In bright or cloudy weather,
In sunshine or in rain,
In happiness or sorrow
In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles,
It reproves me when I sin,
His look of gentle kindness
Rebukes the strife within.

And when in days of sadness
The greatest help I knew
Was to hold the little Crucifix
Until I calmer grew.

Then looking on that figure
Which hung in anguish there,
To undergo such torture
Which He in love did bear.

His feet are nailed together,
His loving arms outspread,
And blood is dropping slowly
From His thorn-crowned head.

Oh! how then could I murmur
Or bitterly complain,
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain.

And when the time approaches
That I will have to die,
I hope the little Crucifix
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy Name of Jesus
Be the last word that I say,
And kissing the dear Crucifix
My soul may pass away.

BOOKS CHILDREN ENJOY

A great deal has been said and much remains to be said on the subject of books. In this article I wish to set forth a few facts that may help young readers to select enjoyable reading material.

In the first place, I believe it is of paramount importance to cultivate a taste for books that partake of a spiritual atmosphere, and parents and those who have an opportunity to instruct the young may be instrumental in creating an interest in the right kind of reading before the child learns to read.

In place of the old bugaboos including Jack and the Bean Stalk, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Golden Locks and the Bears and other like hair-raising tales, how much better to create a taste for the pretty poems of Eugene Field, of Robert Louis Stevenson, James Whitcomb Riley.

There are no bedtime tales more lovely than "The Birthday Story of the Little Lord Jesus," told in verse and with beautiful illustrations depicting incidents related in the Bible.

Another book, edited by Grace Keon, contains Bible stories in verse followed by the same in quotation from the Bible, and the same story in prose. The first stanza reads:

To every little girl and boy,
This blessed tale is given
About a king who loved us so,
That he came down from heaven.
He died upon the cross for us
That we might know and love,
And serve Him in this world below,
And reign with Him above."

Eugene Field's Wynken Blynken and Nod, The Rockaby Lady From Hushaby Street, The Sugar Plum Tree, Pitty Pat and Tippy Toe and other poems from the book called Winky A Way Land are prime favorites and never grow old.

Every child loves to hear:

I have a little shadow,
That goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
Is more than I can see.

No less popular is The Lamplighter, The Cherry Tree, The Hunter, and other of the child poems of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Another child's favorite is James Whitcomb Riley. If I had a penny for every time I have read Little Orphan Annie, Our Hired Girl, The Bear Story, The Raggedy Man, and others contained in the poems of Child Life.

The Parable Book is one enjoyed by children past six years, and I might say including sixty. This contains all the Parables of our Lord as related in the Bible and are cleverly introduced as parts of a program given by the children of the Devera household. The story is so well told that it never loses its charm and the young reader unconsciously learns to love the parables.

Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe still has an appeal for many who read it the first time through curiosity perhaps, and then again, and again and always with misty eyes.

The books of Gene Stratton Porter are among those that bear reading again and again; The Girl of the Limberlost, Her Father's Daughter, The Song of The Cardinal, Michael O'Halloran, The Harvester and Freckles.

A book that children love is Just David by Eleanor Porter. Another similar story is Paula of the Drift by Mary Mabel Wirries who writes such splendid stories

for young people including the Mary Rose books which are eagerly read and reread.

Children love The Bird Book by Thornton W. Burgess who makes Peter Rabbit his story teller, and they are ready to read it or hear it every spring regularly.

A Lantern In Her Hand by Bess Streeter Aldrich is one that appeals to high school students. It is a pioneer story of Nebraska by a Nebraska author.

Black Soil is a pioneer story of Iowa by Josephine Donovan similar to the book by Aldrich.

It is regrettable that school libraries often contain books of questionable mental worth owing to the fact that patrons occasionally make donations in order to rid their bookshelves of a surplus, but students whose early training has been careful are prepared to select the wheat from the chaff and read only those that are of cultural value.

AGNES BROWN HERING.

LULLABY

I don't mind a baby's cry
To me it's like a lullaby.

Soon he'll be, oh! so tired out,
And forget what he cried about.

When nursing at his mother's breast,
He goes off where babies rest—

To some sweet dreamland we've forgot,
(It's bound to be a lovely spot.)

Then when he wakes and starts to cry,
Time again for the lullaby.

MARIA GRACIA.

THE OLD READER

"Mother," said Genevieve, "what is this old book? I found it upstairs. It does look awful old."

"Let me see what you have. Why, that is an old Fourth Reader that your Uncle George used when he was a little boy and went to school in the country down near the mill. It surely is different from the pretty, bright-colored books you use now. Let me see when it was printed. In 1863, that was seventy years ago! Why this book is older than mother, and older than Daddy, and Uncle George, and nearly as old as Grandma! Mother read these stories when she was a little girl, and she liked them so much."

"Read me one, Mother, please!" pleaded Genevieve eagerly.

"All right, we'll see what we can find. Here is one about, 'The Sheep and the Birds.' I'll read this now because it is short and I haven't time for a very long story.

"A father and his son were once sitting under a tree upon a hill. It was near sunset, and a flock of sheep were feeding near them. A strange man came by, who had a dog with him. As soon as the sheep saw the dog, they became alarmed and ran into some thorny

bushes that grew near by. Some of their wool caught upon the thorns and was torn off.

"When the boy saw this, he was troubled and said, 'See, father, how the thorns tear away the wool from the poor sheep. These bushes ought to be cut down, so that hereafter they may not harm the sheep.'"

"His father was silent for awhile and then said, 'So you think that the bushes ought to be cut down?'"

"Yes," answered the son, "and I wish I had a hatchet to do it with." The father made no reply, and they went home.

"The next day they came to the place with a hatchet. The boy was full of joy and very eager to have his father begin to cut down the bushes. They sat upon the hill and his father said, 'Do you hear how sweetly the birds sing? Are they not beautiful creatures?'"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy, "they are the most beautiful of all creatures."

"As they were speaking, a bird flew down among the bushes and picked off a tuft of wool and carried it to a high tree. 'See,' said the father, 'with this wool the bird makes a soft bed for its young in the nest. How comfortable the little things will be! And the sheep could well spare a little of their fleece. Do you now think it is well to cut down the bushes?'"

"No," said the boy, "we will let the bushes stand."

"My dear son," said the father, "the ways of God are not always easy to understand. It seemed to you very hard that the poor sheep should lose their wool; but to-day you see that without this wool, the little bird could not have its warm nest. So many things happen to us which seem hard, but God ordains them for our good, and they are meant in kindness and love."

"Is that all, Mother?" asked Genevieve.

"Yes, that is the end of that story, and some day I'll read others. I used to like to read 'The Young Witness,' 'The Bundle of Matches,' 'The Daisy and The Lark,' and 'The Spider and The Fly,' and others. I'll read them to you, sometime, too. So run along and play, for Mother has other work now."

WHAT DOES HARTFORD CONN?

How much did Philadelphia Pa?

How much does Columbus O?

How many eggs did Louisiana La?

What grass did Joplin Mo?

We call Minneapolis Minn,

Why not Annapolis Ann?

If you can't tell the reason why,

Perhaps Topeka Kan. Two bells.

A "BOY" WANTED

Just as a gentleman is known by certain admirable traits, so a boy is judged by his fidelity to the virtues of the Christian life, his manliness, spirit of work and play. A youth is on the right way in observing these rules.

Wanted:

A boy who looks you straight in the face and tells the truth every time.

A boy who is not a slacker either at work or play, but puts his whole self into whatever he does.

A boy who is neat and clean in appearance and in his thinking.

A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, gets the gist of what is said, and does not annoy with unnecessary questions.

A boy who is cheerful and good-humored, taking hard knocks when they come, and helping others to bear them when it is their turn.

A boy who thinks and acts for himself and does not have to be reminded when it is time to perform his religious duties.

A boy who does not grumble when he is asked to help, and does what he is asked to do as if he really enjoyed doing it.

A boy who does not think disobedience is a sign of manliness and boasting a proof of courage.

A boy who is not ashamed of his parents if they are not wealthy or well dressed, and who does not hide his affection for them.

A boy who does not pity himself because he has to do a day's work.

Where is this boy wanted? Everywhere.—Exchange.

NOW'S THE TIME

If you have some work that's waiting,

Now's the time.

Do not stand there hesitating,

Now's the time.

If you wait and be so slow

While the golden minutes go,

You'll not have results to show—

Now's the time.

If you have a task before you,

Now's the time.

Oh, I earnestly implore you!

Now's the time.

If you only really knew

Just how much it meant to you;

Life is short, and years are few—

Now's the time.

If you wish to help another,

Now's the time.

Do not wait a year, my brother,

Now's the time.

Just a simple thing, I guess,

But I'll tell you plainly, yes,

It's the secret of success—

Now's the time.

—George B. Staff.

LETTER BOX

Virginia McKenzie, 3021 Portland Ave., Louisville, Kentucky, writes a gratifying letter to THE CORNER. She enjoys the LETTER BOX and is happy to know it has not been discontinued. She is nineteen years old and

has been out of school for three years. She would like to hear from boys and girls her own age, for she has plenty of time to write letters. How many will give her something to do to occupy her during her idle time?

Marguerite Sullivan, 2829 W. Meinecke Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was another contributor during January who speaks kind words for THE CORNER. She wrote for the first time about five years ago and says she has gained many friends through the LETTER BOX. She wishes to hear from others who are now out of school.

EXPRESSION LESSON

LITTLE BROWN BABY

Paul Laurence Dunbar—Negro poet

(Lesson talk by Agnes Brown Hering, dramatic teacher.)

(Reader should sit in chair and extend arms toward child. Speak in tender, loving tones, and show pleasure.)

"Little Brown Baby wif spahklin' eyes,—
Come to yo' pappy and sit on his knee. (*Lift child to knee.*)

What yo' been doin' sah? Makin' san' pies?
Look at dat bib! Yo's ez dirty ez me. (*Pronounce dirty—dohty*)

Look at dat mouf! Dat's merllasses, I bet!
Come heah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's. (*Look toward Maria.*)

Bees gwine to git yo', an' eat yo' up, yit,
(*Continued on page 439*)

EXCHANGE SMILES

MOTHER—"Johnny, see what your little brother is doing in the pantry."

JOHNNY—"Oh, he's just putting a few things away, Mama."

"Say, Jack! Why is the tip of a dog's tail like the center of a tree?"

"Can't prove it by me."

"Because it's the farthest from the bark."

"Willie," asked the teacher, "where are elephants found?"

"Please, teacher," replied the boy, "they're so big they don't often get lost."

"I don't want my face washed, Granny," Harry pouted impatiently.

"See here, my boy," said Granny rather sharply, "I've washed my face three times a day ever since I was a girl."

"Yes," spoke up Harry triumphantly, "and it's so shrunk up that it has to be ironed out."

The Catechist Missionary, which is published by the

Missionary Catechists at Huntington, Indiana, usually has some very good original sayings of little Mexican children. Here is a flash light:

Catechist: "What is the first thing you say when you go to confession?"

Juan: "Bless my father for all my sins."

"Bobby, you promised me you would not fight today. I said I would give you a thrashing if you did."

"Well, Dad, seeing I've broken my promise, don't you think you might as well break yours."

Abbey and Seminary

—Bro. January, who accompanied Father Sylvester from the Indian mission at Marty, So. Dak., for the retreat, will remain at the Abbey. Mission life is rather strenuous for a man who is in his seventy-eighth year. On their way down from Marty, the two missionaries stopped off at Terre Haute to pay a brief visit to the pastor of Sacred Heart Church, the Rev. Omer H. Eisenman, elder priest brother of Father Sylvester. Another brother, the Rev. Edward Eisenman, is pastor at Leopold, Ind., near the Abbey. Father Omer brought the travelers the rest of the way to St. Meinrad.

—Again the retreat in each department was the "best ever." Ye scribe can vouch only for the excellent retreat given to the community by the Rev. Francis P. Lyons, C. S. P. These spiritual exercises proved to be a real milestone, or marker, on the jagged road to eternity.

—St. Agatha, whose feast falls on Feb. 5, is frequently invoked for preservation from fire. A Mass was offered up in honor of the saint to obtain the protection of heaven against the destructive element of fire, which proved so disastrous to our monastic home nearly forty-six years ago, and which has caused us several severe losses since that time.

—Sunday, Feb. 19, was a memorable day for the St. Gregory Chancel Choir, which is composed of sixty-five boys and young men of our Seminary, for "their sound went forth into the whole earth"—their voices being wafted through limitless space on the waves of the ether from coast to coast, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf—and beyond. Favorable comment has come from the four points of the compass.—The opening number of the program for the Catholic (half) hour was a "Veni, Veni, Sancte Spiritus," composed by Father Vincent Wagner, O. S. B. Then followed the splendid address of Bishop Floersh of Louisville. The concluding number was a "Sanctus" by choir director Father Thomas Schaefer, O. S. B. Father Stephen Thuis, O. S. B., presided at the organ. — Strenuous indeed was the day for the whole choir. At 3:45 a. m. the boys arose. At an early hour they boarded buses for Louisville, where they were scheduled to sing the 9:15 High Mass at St. Francis of Assisi Church, of which the Rev. A. G. Meyering is pastor. Father William Walker, O. S. B., was celebrant of the Mass, during which Father Abbot preached an excellent sermon on

Gregorian chant as prayer sung. Then, after lunch, which was served at St. Francis Church, came the radio broadcast at 12:30 from Station WHAS. The program next called for a concert at the Ursuline Academy and College of the Sacred Heart. Before they left, the good Sisters gave the hungry choristers a bountiful supper. There still remained the return trip of eighty miles over hill and dale and along winding roads that skirted the Little Blue and the Ohio River. It was past eleven p. m. before heavy eyes could close until the morning dawn and tired bodies could relax. The inclement weather that prevailed part of the day did not dampen the ardor of their spirits.

—It is an age-old monastic custom after the noonday meal to go from the table to the chapel or to the church, reciting the Psalm *Miserere*, or other appropriate Psalm according to the season. At St. Meinrad this custom was interrupted by the destructive fire of 1887. In the interim, because of prevailing inconveniences, this practice was not taken up again although the Psalm and the subsequent prayers were said at table in the refectory. Now that the dining room has been brought up from the basement to the main floor, the community has again resumed the ancient practice. The prayers are completed in the church and a short adoration of the Blessed Sacrament closes the visit with the Master of the house.

—According to word received from Devils Lake, N. D., Father Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., our senior missionary among the Indians of North Dakota, has been in poor health. At last account he had been in Mercy Hospital for some time, afflicted with gall bladder trouble. It was feared that an operation might be necessary. We commend the deserving missionary to the prayers of our readers that he may have a speedy recovery from his affliction. Humanly speaking, the mission at St. Michael's can ill afford to be deprived of Father Ambrose's services for a long time.

—Another sick member of our community, Brother Ephrem, was taken to St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, early in February, suffering with rheumatic pains. Recently bronchial pneumonia developed. As the case seemed to be serious, the last sacraments were administered on Feb. 20th. The patient will welcome a memento in prayer.

Book Notices

"The Soul of a Christmas Tree" by Theodore Arnheiter, is a collection of 248 quatrains that might be more effective were the thoughts boiled down and recast in good prose. The verses fail to hold the interest of the reader because they lack poetic imagery, and, most of all pleasing rhythm. The lines are often mutilated and curtailed so as to make them fit into the metric mould.—Cloth: \$1.50. 72 p. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. P. K.

Devotion to the Sign of the Cross, to that powerful source of grace and blessing, has ever been a mark of the Order of St. Benedict, a showing forth throughout the ages of the spirit of the great Patriarch who himself so often made use of the Cross to make manifest the power of God over demons and other evils that befall mankind.—What is popularly known as the

Medal of St. Benedict is in reality the Cross of St. Benedict stamped upon a medal. Though cast in numerous forms, it is now best propagated in the form of the so-called Jubilee Medal, to which all the privileges and indulgences are attached.—As might be expected, this form of devotion to the protection of the Cross through St. Benedict is ancient and has an interesting history both as to origin and the interpretation of the symbols found on the Medal-Cross. All this and more is now given us in a scholarly, though popular, work entitled *The Medal-Cross of St. Benedict*, by Dom Adelard Bouvilliers, O. S. B., M. A. Mus. Doc., of Belmont Abbey, Belmont, N. C.—The work is commendable because of the vast research it shows and will enlighten many as to a devotion more widely spread in Europe than in America, yet which is becoming more popular in our country as the faithful learn more of the efficacy of the Medal-Cross of St. Benedict.—Price: \$1.00. Belmont Abbey Press, Belmont, North Carolina. H. D.

NOTE:—It is the intention of the author to get out an abridged, more popular edition of his "Medal-Cross of St. Benedict" later on.

That the high adventure of the sea, of island, of dispossessed princes, and of brave, loyal youth, and deep villainy is still possible in our day, is ably depicted in *Adventure Island*, a story full of action and thrill, by F. McGrath, S. J.—Benziger Brothers publishers. H. D.

Red Halligan is a sequel to *Harry Brown at Barchester*, both by William F. Hendrix, S. J. In *Red Halligan* the usual school year is lived through. Everything in studies, athletics, and adventure succeeds in the end after usual and unusual complication.—Benziger Brothers publishers. H. D.

The *Almanac Edition* of "The Franciscan Magazine" is a splendid little volume of 448 pages that are chock full of valuable information of all kinds that should be of service to the whole household. Address: The Franciscan Magazine, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, N. J. Price, 25¢. By Mail, 35¢.

AUTHENTIC LIFE OF FATHER DAMIEN

Up to date more than 40,000 pictures of Father Damien with the prayer for his beatification have been sent out. Many persons, desirous to know more about this Martyr of Charity, have asked whether there exists a complete and reliable account of Father Damien's life.

The only complete life of Father Damien, which is fully documented and gives a true and faithful picture of the Apostle of the Lepers, is the recent French work entitled "Le Pere Damien, Apotre des Lepreux," by Vital Jourdan, SS. CC. The author not only has the great advantage of belonging to the same religious Congregation to which Father Damien belonged, but he has had the unique privilege of consulting and largely drawing from Father Damien's intimate letters to his Superiors and personal notebook containing more than 400 pages of meditations, resolutions of retreat, and examinations of conscience. This standard work of 520 pages, which has been crowned by the French Academy, is unquestionably the most authentic and gripping biography of the Hero of Molokai ever written.

We have the author's permission to get it translated and published in English. To satisfy our own earnest desire, and in the interest of Father Damien's numerous admirers in the United States, we are determined to start with the work as soon as we find the necessary funds to bring the undertaking to a successful issue.—Paul Vanhoutte, SS. CC., Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, Fairhaven, Mass.

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

St. Joseph

Gentle Joseph, guardian sweet,
Humbly walked down Naz'reth's street,
In his hands a chis'ling tool,
Hammer, nails, and four-foot rule,
In his heart a cruel doubt
That in vain he tried to rout.
Holy Mary knelt at home,
Poring o'er a sacred tome—
She, whom he had thought a saint,
Could it be in her was taint?
But he could not bear the thought;
Had he watched her as he ought?
Kinsmen came to wish him joy,
Filled his heart with grief's alloy;
To his home at night he came,
Took upon himself the blame;
Threw himself upon his bed,
In his heart a weight of lead.
Lo! A cloud, a light, a dream!—
Angel stood there, it would seem:
"Take thou Mary—be at rest!
"She is God's own Mother blest."
Morning dawns with brilliant blaze,
Joseph wakes with glad amaze—
Ecstasy is in his heart,
For, from Her he need not part!

Legends of St. Joseph

It is said that on the Flight to Egypt, Mary rode in a caravan on a camel, for a time, holding the Child Jesus in her arms. The heat was intense, and swarms of flies tortured the travellers. Mary tried to keep the insects from bothering her Babe, but in vain, so she raised her eyes to Heaven and breathed a fervent prayer to God the Father. At the same moment, the Child awoke and gave His mother a look that filled her heart with ecstasy. Instantly, the flies swarming about turned into birds, of many beautiful hues, filling the air with their entrancing songs, traveling along with the caravan, and entertaining all who saw and heard them.

Another story is told of the Flight into Egypt: on this long and lonely journey, various kinds of weather were encountered. As the Holy Family were poor, they had no way of protecting themselves from rain and cold winds; there were no umbrellas or slickers in

those days. But Almighty God protected His own in a different way, as was revealed to Mother Maria d'Agreda. When the first ill weather came upon them, a luminous globe formed around the three, so that, in the midst of storm and rain and hail and lowering clouds, they travelled in perpetual sunshine. This luminous globe moved along with them, so that, while it rained and hailed, and the wind howled coldly and dismally all around them, not a drop of rain or hail fell into the globe, nor did they feel the cold wind. And Joseph, walking, while Mary and the Child rode on an ass, humbly thanked God for thus taking care of them.

A story of Joseph's life in Nazareth runs thus. He was working hard in his shop. It was a warm day, and the perspiration was running down his face from his exertions in trying to saw through a thick board. The saws of those days were a straight row of teeth, which did not cut as well as our saws. The noon hour came, and, after raising his soul in prayer, as was the custom of the Jews, he lay down on a bed of chips to get a short nap. While he slept, the devil came and looked around to see what mischief he could do. He spied the saw with which Joseph had been working. With a malicious leer, he bent one tooth to the right, one to the left, and so on, until the whole row was crooked. Then he hid to see what would happen. But lo! When Joseph began to saw again, he was astonished to find that the saw cut faster than ever before. The devil fled in chagrin.

Hints on Floor Refinishing

When hardwood floors begin to look dingy, they may be thoroughly cleaned with a brush dipped in a bowl of gasoline, the dirt scrubbed out of the cracks, then wiped dry with a clean cloth. A varnish can be obtained, which is clear and white as water; it is very fast-drying—four hours are all that it requires. It must be applied very thinly and brushed in well. It may be walked on after four hours, or as soon as dry and hard to the touch, but do not attempt to wax it until next day, since there are some spots which dry a little slower, and may become sticky from the action of the naphtha in the wax. This colorless varnish brings out the grain of the wood beautifully, without making it a deeper yellow. After waxing, and a brisk rub with an electric waxer (which may be rented at most hardware stores) the floor will appear like new.

This varnish is also excellent to touch up worn spots, as it will not show where the overlapping edge begins or ends. Such spots should be thoroughly cleansed first.

The above-mentioned varnish is also a wonderful surface-preserver of floor linoleum. Anyone purchasing a new linoleum of the painted type, and not protecting it with a thin coat of varnish first, then waxing, is plainly wasting his money, for in two years, the untreated oilcloth will be badly worn and unsightly, while a linoleum varnished every other year, and waxed once a month, will be preserved indefinitely, to say nothing of the housekeeper's deliverance from the back-breaking job of weekly scrubbing on one's knees.

Soft wood floors may be treated in such a way that they do not harbor dirt and grime any more than a hardwood floor. A rough floor should first be thoroughly sanded for best results. This brings out a new, clean grain, which will take stain of any shade perfectly. Two coats of tough spar varnish on top of this, and a final thorough waxing will make a thing of beauty of even a very old floor.

Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero

Particularly appropriate for Lenten reading, is the *Life of Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero*, the "Little Secretary of Jesus," a contemporary of the Little Flower who died in 1916. All who read it, and study its revelations carefully, cannot help but be touched most deeply by the lessons it imparts. It is a book to have at hand for short readings during leisure moments of the day, not only in Lent, but all through the year. One may take the book and open it at random, and without fail the eyes will light upon words full of comfort or edification. In the time of stress and privation through which we have been passing, we have great need for such words of beauty and comfort, turning the soul from material things to those of Heaven, detaching us from earth, and sweetly leading us to Him Who alone can give us true happiness.

Because THE GRAIL is a Eucharistic Magazine, we print in particular the appeal made by Jesus to His little Apostle, Benigna: "Oh my Benigna," He urges, "cry aloud so that all the world may hear, that I hunger, I thirst, I die to be received by My creatures. I am in the Sacrament of My Love for My creatures, and they make so little account of it. Oh, do thou, at least, Benigna, make as many spiritual communions as possible, to supply for the Sacramental Communions which are not made. One every quarter of an hour is not enough. Make them shorter, but more numerous."

Then again, He complains to her: "Oh my Benigna! What gives Me most pain is to see the indifference my creatures have for Me. They fly from me as they would from a robber or an assassin. Benigna, I thirst for the love of my creatures. The Seraphim love me ardently, the Saints love Me, and their love is pure and perfect. I have great love in Heaven, yet I come to earth to seek my creatures' love, because on earth their love is free. . . . My Benigna, seek to draw souls to receive Me in Holy Communion!"

Planning a Water Garden

Now is the time to begin planning that garden you intend having this summer, and if you are tired of having the same thing every year, why not change the contour of the yard a bit by putting in a shallow lily pond? On a piece of paper draw the contour of a small pond with curved, irregular banks, like those seen in the parks. Even a very small yard may have one, and there is an advantage in having it—less grass to cut. This might appeal to not a few householders who want everything trim and neat, yet have not a great deal of time to devote to the work.

Diagram in hand, drive in a few pegs, marking roughly the edge of the proposed pond; then, if the sod is good and you wish to save it—(it will come in handy to patch empty spaces in the lawn) first cut it off with a spade and put aside. Then start to dig your pond, sloping gradually toward the center, instead of abruptly dropping down, until it is about a foot deep, or perhaps an inch or two more, if you like.

Obtain your water lilies from a reputable dealer, who will also give you instructions on their treatment and care; there are day-blooming and night-blooming varieties, and it is a good idea to secure some of each, as, when the day lilies go to sleep, the night blossoms will open in all their starry beauty and remain open until late in the forenoon next day. Do not fill the whole surface of the water with lilies, as it is far more beautiful to have some open spaces of water to reflect the sky and clouds and trees. A few gold-fish will enhance its beauty.

After lilies are planted, turn the hose into the cavity and fill even with the sodded edge. If there is no drain, simply dip out two or three buckets every day and refill with fresh water. If weather is very hot and scum appears, dip out more. Stones and aquatic plants may be planted along the border of this miniature pond, or it may be left plain, just as the householder likes, but either way, its beauty will repay any labor expended upon it.

Children and Books

As soon as a child is old enough to be interested in pictures—and this is often as early as the age of two, sometimes even earlier, depending on the watchfulness of parents, and the degree of interest registered by the child when a picture is shown him, he should be told what the picture represents—a horse, a cow, a baby, a ball, and the child made to repeat the words. Next time the baby sees this same picture, chances are, he will remember the names and repeat them without any prompting. This, then, is the time to begin the work of instilling a love of books into the child. A book of simple pictures should be obtained, and shown him every day, and questions asked about them. After he has become so familiar with the pictures that they no longer fascinate him—this will probably not happen for a long time—another book should be obtained with different pictures, or several may be kept on hand, and changed from day to day.

By the time he is four years old, if he is not sent to a pre-school nursery, where such things are learned, a pictured A B C book may be obtained, and the child will enjoy saying, "A stands for apple, B for boy, C for cat," etc., and so on throughout the alphabet. Although most schools to-day do not teach the young child the alphabet by rote, it is not a bad idea for the mother to make a game of reciting the alphabet and counting from one to ten, since it has been found that children in the fifth and sixth grades often do not know the alphabet in its proper order!

As soon as the child attends school and learns to read its first lessons, simple books should be obtained, either purchased or secured from the public library. Well-known fairy tales printed in large type and illustrated, will first attract the five- and six-year-old, while beautiful pictured books on the Life of Christ, written in appealing style for little ones, will supplement the lessons in religion he learns at school. Thus, as the child grows older, the mother should work hand in hand with him, cultivating a love for books.

Household Hints

If the windows work hard in winter, wax the ropes and grooves and oil the little wheels.

Never peel fruit, or allow lemon or onion juice to lie, upon the white enamel sink; it eats the lustre off and makes it very rough.

Overalls badly soiled with oil, may be spread upon the cement floor of the laundry, and scrubbed with a stiff brush dipped into a bowl of gasoline. Roll up and let soak for awhile, then put into washing machine with thick, hot suds.

Scrub jewelry and set rings with an old soft tooth brush and suds made of toilet soap; rinse well under running water, dry and polish briskly with soft, clean-cloth. Twist soft tissue paper into points to run between prongs of sets to polish stones underneath. Be sure to put plug into drain of bowl, so that if jewelry is accidentally dropped, it may not fall down the pipe.

When water bugs appear up the drain, or out of the basement sewer, pour down kerosene once a week.

Recipes

Stuff celery stalks with paste made of chopped stuffed olives, chopped nuts and cream cheese. Pack stalks, smooth off with knife and place in refrigerator until time to serve.

Mix 1 cup each chopped green peppers, diced celery, chopped olives, chipped sweet pickles and shredded smoked sardines. Blend with French dressing. May be served on Friday as luncheon sandwiches between buttered slices of rye or whole wheat bread.

CUP CUSTARD: For four custards, use 2 well beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 6 teaspoons sugar, and 2 scant cups milk. If liked, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shredded cocoanut may be added. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla, and sprinkle cinnamon on top before placing in oven. Place cups in pan of water and bake in medium oven about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Remove from water and cool.

Disease Prevention Pamphlet

At what age should a child be vaccinated?
How long is diphtheria immunization good for?
Does whooping cough vaccine have any value?
How can you guard against typhoid fever?

Answers to these and many other questions are contained in a brief pamphlets just prepared by the Bureau of Publicity of the Indiana State Medical Association. Copies may be obtained free of charge either through your family doctor or by writing the Bureau of Publicity of the Indiana State Medical Association, 1021 Hume Mansur Building, Indianapolis, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The pamphlet is prepared in simple, non-technical language which fathers and mothers can easily understand. Definite advice is given concerning the after-care of children who have had a contagious disease, recommendations are made in regard to before-school examinations, and suggestions are offered concerning vaccination.

Trouble-making Habits in Children

INDIANA STATE DENTAL ASSOCIATION

Serious effect of baby habits upon health, tolerated by many parents, have drawn a frank statement from the mouth hygiene director of the Maryland department of health.

The subject of trouble-making habits is discussed by the Maryland director in the following words:

"Some people think that thumb and finger sucking are 'cute.' As a matter of fact, they are trouble-makers that may have a lasting effect, not only upon the child's health, but also upon its facial expression and general attractiveness. The constant pressure on the jaw resulting from thumb and finger sucking may gradually push the teeth out of their normal places, and make them come in 'crooked.' This in turn makes chewing difficult and interferes with the digestion."

"Other habits, not so noticeable, but as difficult to control and as harmful, are lip and cheek sucking, sleeping with the hand or arm under the cheek, or resting the cheek on the hand while bending over a lesson. All of these tend to make the teeth 'crooked' and start a similar train of evils. And while we are talking of habits, don't let us overlook one of the greatest of all trouble-makers—the so-called 'pacifier' that the careless or indifferent mother sticks into the baby's mouth to keep it quiet. Pacifiers have been responsible for changing the shape of many a mouth arch. They probably have had a great deal to do, also, with the development of adenoids, and in turn, with the production of many a 'mouth-breather.'"

"It is comparatively easy to break a habit before it has had a chance to become fixed. There is usually a cause underlying it and it is worth while to find the cause and correct that, if possible. In some instances, thumb sucking may be due to unsatisfied hunger; in others, to overfeeding. Get your doctor to help you find out which it is and act accordingly."



SHRINE OF ST. BENEDICT IN CRYPT OF ABBEY CHURCH



HE ruddy glow of the Sanctuary Lamp bears silent testimony to the Presence of our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle. How refreshing to steal for a moment from the busy streets and the cares and worries of the day for a visit with our Lord—and how welcome this visit is to His lonely, aching heart.

While the Church prescribes the Sanctuary Lamp as her official light before the Blessed Sacrament, she also permits her children to burn votive candles and vigil lights before the shrines of her saints in the House of God. The silent, steady flicker of the tiny flame, ever tending upwards, is emblematic of prayer ascending and God's graces and favors descending.

Because of occupation, distance from church, illness and other reasons, many of the faithful cannot avail themselves of this privilege, when and as they would like. We will gladly perform this service for them, and will burn a novena of vigil lights—one light each day for nine consecutive days, burning all day, at the shrine of our Holy Founder, St. Benedict, in the grotto of the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad.

----- COUPON -----

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St. Meinrad, Indiana

Dear Father Edward:

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The Daily High Mass sung at St. Meinrad's Abbey is offered up for all friends and benefactors of the Abbey. This Mass, attended by the entire Community of Benedictine Fathers and the Student Body, is a powerful intercession in each subscriber's behalf.

The shadow of the Cross falls on those of us who are careless in our reading. Shoddy literature is conducive to ill health of the mind, while the damage to the soul is sometimes beyond repair. Mother Church warns against the current outrages in the name of Literature, and urges the counter action of good, Catholic reading. *At least one Catholic paper or magazine should be in every Catholic home.*

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." II Machabees 12:46

When Christ said: "Follow Me" he did not distinguish between the rich young man and the son of poor parents. Many young boys who cannot afford to pay their way apply at our doors for help to prepare for the Holy Priesthood. It is our province to supply them with the necessities of life while educating them for their Divine Vocation in His Vineyard. The revenue from our publication, THE GRAIL, goes toward this Cause.

It is good that time heals wounds of sorrow but it should not make us forget our loved ones in Death. We promised to remember them in prayer, but the busy day and the cares of the world conspire against fulfillment of our pledge. The poor souls in Purgatory plead for our help. An occasional ejaculation: "Lord have mercy on their souls" may release some suffering loved one from the bondage of fire.

A Novena of vigil lights will be burned in the crypt of the Abbey church for your special intention. This Novena consists of nine votive lights, burning nine hours daily—a total of eighty one hours of prayerful remembrance. In November (month of the Poor Souls) a special Requiem High Mass is offered up for all deceased benefactors of our Abbey. Write the names of your friends and loved ones on the form enclosed and send it to us.

**THIS NOVENA AND MASS
ARE YOURS WITH YOUR SUB-
SCRIPTION TO THE GRAIL**

